

May 25, 1955

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MAY 25, 1955

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A CASE FOR CONSCIENCE

THE Stoller report on Australian mental hospitals, which shocked the whole country when it was released a short while ago, is one official report which must not meet the same fate as so many other official reports.

It must never be allowed to find its way to a neglected pigeon-hole.

The grim picture which emerged from Dr. Stoller's long and patient inquiry into mental hospitals is one that cannot be forgotten until the dreadful wrongs being done to the mentally ill in this country have been righted.

While it's true that the conduct of mental hospitals is primarily a matter for hospital authorities, that doesn't mean the position can be ignored by the public.

The care of the mentally sick is the concern of all Australians if Australia is to call herself civilised. In its attitude to the helpless lies the measure of the civilisation of any community.

Only a public conscience can protect the weak. There is no substitute for a tender conscience and no end to the miracles it can achieve.

Such barbarities as slave-trading, public executions, child labor, and witch hunting have been abolished by one thing only — public conscience.

But public conscience can be fickle. In Australia today, for example, any published report of cruelty to an animal invariably produces an indignant outcry.

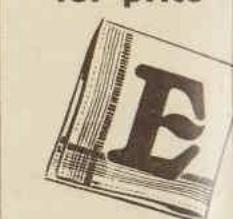
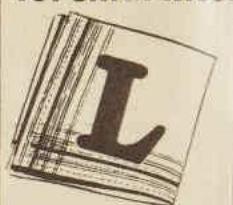
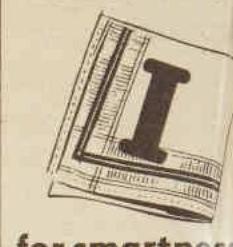
Yet the unfortunate mentally ill, most of whom are more defenceless than the weakest kitten, have had few defenders.

Dr. Stoller's report, horrifying in its precise presentation of human misery, has brought the whole question into the open. There it must stay until the stirring of public conscience achieves reforms and, in doing so, proves that Australians are civilised human beings and not self-seeking barbarians.

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Herrick Said "NO"

BY EVA LIS-WUORIO



PERHAPS it is true that there is something utterly irresistible about a well-to-do middle-aged widower — the world's mothering instinct turns to those it doesn't cost anything to help.

But if you'd told me that love plots, dark women with flowers in their hair, baked sea perch, and a well-equipped house were props in a tale of such a widower I'd have sworn to one certain thing. That it was not about Herrick Carter.

Which goes to show how wrong you can be.

Jim and I lived next door to the Carters in Toronto when we were first married. Herrick in my opinion was the sourest, most egotistic, misanthropic cold fish I'd ever met. He didn't speak to neighbors and he never smiled at a joke.

His wife was a sweet, small mouse, adoring him for no logical reason I could see. Herrick always had something wrong with him, head, heels, ears, teeth, and she'd run around with pills and hot-water bottles; but it was she who died a couple of years after we had moved to Ottawa. That by all rights should have been the end of our connection with the Carters. It wasn't.

We began to hear tales about Herrick, mostly from Marthe Breton. Apparently his bereavement had given Herrick a certain distinction. The bank suddenly gave him a couple of rapid heaves upwards, and he, having no close friends to waste time on, worked them up into another two.

Now his absent-minded rudeness was considered a sign of grief. A commendable thing. Hostesses began chasing after him. Single women suddenly lit up the light.

"Poor, sweet type," Marthe would say with an odd gleam in her eye.

"Poor, sweet type my foot," I said. But I was to remember that gleam later.

Marthe, too, was the one to bring us news of Herrick's appointment to head the executive branch of his bank. "I saw him in Toronto . . ." she started one day and then abruptly shut up. I didn't catch on.

However, accidentally, Jim and I got right into the first act of Herrick's Ottawa Odyssey. Because I can't make good coffee. And I love it. For such reason every now and then I drive Jim to office just so as to stop in at the Chateau Laurier for a cup.

This particular morning I took the kids to school, on to the Parliament Buildings, and walked into the coffee shop and upon a moody Herrick Carter. His first glum look made him recognisable. When I looked up the metamorphosis was almost startling.

His usual round face had a lean dignity. I always remember him wearing clumsily patterned worsted suits with colored striped shirts, but now he was in a dark grey flannel suit, immaculate white shirt, and a deep blue tie that somehow brought color into what I'd considered his faded eyes.

I stopped. He caught sight of me, jumped up and hurried over. This was unusual in the extreme. As a rule a smoked oyster could show more interest than Herrick.

But he sounded like old Herrick. "I'm feeling awful," he complained.

"Nice to see you," I said pointedly. "Haven't seen you for five years."

"That's so," he said, preparing to sit down. "How about coffee for me?"

"All right." He went off and I noticed he stopped to pick up some rolls, too. Well, well, I thought watching him, somehow the man looks quite nice now. And sort of lonely.

Perhaps because of that I said, "Do you want to come to dinner tonight? Pot luck."

"Do I?" Herrick sighed. "If it's just with you."

"And Jim and the kids," I said, surprised. "Never knew you cared."

"Don't be silly. I'd eat with anybody I knew — and no gab."

"Gracious as usual. What gab?"

"Gab, gab, gab," Herrick said, not even looking embarrassed. "Women. Do this, do that, come here, follow me. Must drop in for some tea. Tea! Lukewarm water and soggy slabs of cold bread."

I laughed. "I've heard you're quite the social lion now."

Suddenly he grinned. "A man victimised by his ulcers and always led astray by a hope of a home-cooked meal. Social lion nothing!"

I suppose it was that unexpected grin that softened me. I stopped at Steinbergs and decided to pamper his ulcers. At the steak counter I met Marthe Breton.

"Particular, aren't you?" she said.

"For Herrick Carter. Claims he hasn't had a home-cooked meal in a lifetime," I explained.

Marthe waited for something else, it seemed to me later. But I was busy planning my purchases. I waved at her absently.

It was only on the way home the thought struck

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"Well," said Marthe as the desperate Herrick tried to restore order, "someone will have to take the responsibility for all this frightful mess."

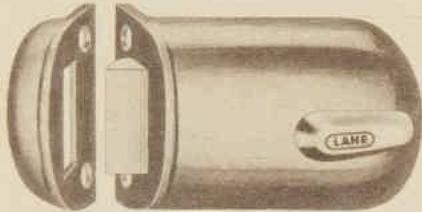




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AGS

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In the morning

A short story by JAMES PIRIE

She was a woman in her middle sixties. Her hair was perfectly white and beautiful. One might have hesitated to guess her age, for there were many things to be taken into account. Almost forty years of an equatorial climate had withered and yellowed her skin and, although her cheeks still held a touch of color, the face was that of an old woman.

To see her seated in an arm-chair one might have guessed that she was seventy or more. To see her walking briskly along on her way to town one might have reduced that estimate by twenty years. Her voice, by which her vigorous spirit was best expressed, was that of a young woman; or, come to think of it, that of a young man.

Mr. Marchant was dead, had been dead nearly ten years, killed in attempting to disperse a riotous assembly. Police work is always dangerous in troubled countries; policemen know it and so do their wives. The possibility had resided in the back of Mrs. Marchant's mind during the whole of her married life, so that when the thing did happen her grief had been quite calm, without bitterness or resentment.

Everyone had been very kind and helpful, of course. But before very long Mrs. Marchant had detected a note of dictation in the voices of her comforters. The wife of a police officer might have to put up with that sort of thing, but not his widow. Not by a long chalk. Mrs. Marchant had let them talk; had listened to the plans which were so convenient for them. But as for being ready to leave on the first mail boat . . .

"I will not be hustled out of the colony," she had told them. "I'll let you know when I'm ready to go."

That had upset them a little. The next move had been to set a limit on her occupation of the government bungalow. But Mrs. Marchant had lived in the colony for a long, long time, and finding another bungalow had proved to be a very simple matter. She had moved, with several weeks to spare, into a spacious, comfortable dwelling just outside the town.

Within a few days the commissioner had called, seeming somewhat disturbed.

"I'll come straight to the point, Mrs. Marchant. Why do you think this bungalow has been empty for such a long time?"

"I have no idea."

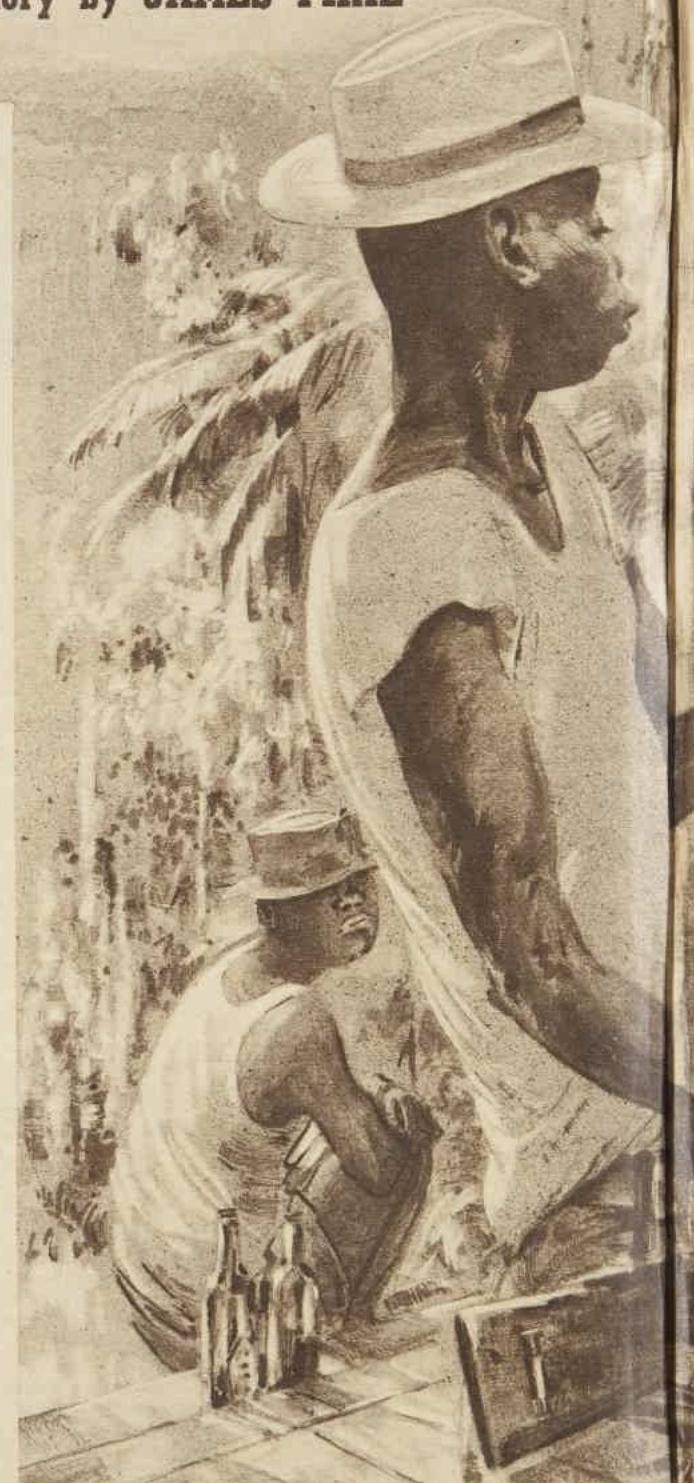
"Because it isn't safe. It's too far from town. In the event of trouble a place like this would be quite defenceless. Even in ordinary times it's a temptation. You have lived in this country long enough to know what I mean."

"I have lived in these parts long enough to know what I'm doing," she had told him. "Is this another scheme to get me on the mail boat, commissioner?"

"You really ought to go home, Mrs. Marchant. It's — why, it's the proper thing to do."

"The only way to get me out of the country before I'm ready to go," she had said, "is to deport me. That requires a very good reason, commissioner, as you well know."

That had taken care of the commis-



sioner. From time to time there had been other attempts to persuade the old woman to go home. But the years had passed and things had changed. Gradually the position of Mrs. Marchant had come to be accepted.

Eccentric, they said — living out there in the bush with only a cook and a houseboy, both of whom looked thoroughly treacherous, to look after her. No one to blame but herself, however, if the worst happened. She had been well warned.

Now there were rumors of a rising. A number of ladies formed a deputation and went out to see the queer old thing. It was the least they could do.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Marchant. As she meant it. There was nothing else to be said. No use trying to reason with them.

They were back on the old trail again. They sat on her verandah, drinking her tea and gobbling up the cake which only she could have taught a native cook to make. They talked and talk-

Good people, one had to suppose, with serious, well-intending faces, and accents that must have taken years to learn. Good, but deadly dull. Their husbands were unexciting men who were doing a thankless task in a perfectly murderous climate; and doing it very well, considering.

Yes, worthy and respectable ladies, every one of them, Mrs. Marchant admitted. But lacking the spirit of the women who had lived in these parts thirty-odd years ago. Cautious, apprehensive, fussy. Pshaw!

She had heard it all before, every word of it. She knew it by heart. It was really quite a trial to sit still and listen to the silly creatures. Mrs. Marchant did not mind being rude. She rather enjoyed it, and she liked others to speak their minds. But these women were sensitive creatures, easily hurt. Besides, they meant well.

So she let them have their say, and when they had finished she said she would think it over. At last she got them bundled into their station-waggon and off they went.

"So stubborn," said one. "So unreasonable."

"Senile," said another. "Sometimes they just get like that. Won't listen to a word of reason."

"If anything were to happen to her," said a third, "I'd feel so awful . . ."

The first odd thing was that Joseph did not bring her tea. When she awoke it was past eight o'clock. Her tea had never been quite as late as this, even on the occasions when Joseph got drunk and Francis had to make it. It was hardly likely that they got drunk together; they had never been very friendly.

Mrs. Marchant lay in bed for quite some time, doing nothing, trying to work out what could have gone wrong. She waited for the clock to strike the half-hour. When that happened, she decided, she would get up and investigate. She remembered what the women had said: the warnings, the advice.

"Fiddlesticks!" she said aloud. She got up, feeling quite different without her tea. She quickly dressed, but still she hesitated. It was rather a pity, she thought, that she had not continued to smoke. A cigarette would have been very comforting at such a moment.

There was not a sound of movement in the house. Mrs. Marchant passed from the dining-room into the larder. No one there. The kitchen was a separate building at the back of the bungalow. Beside it was another

building of two small rooms where the boys slept. The fire in the kitchen had not been lit.

The door of the cook's room was slightly ajar, but Mrs. Marchant could not see inside. She crossed the little space of sun-baked earth and knocked on the door. No reply. She knocked again and then pushed the door open. Inside, lying sprawled across the small wooden bed, were the two boys. They were both dead.

Terrorists, Mrs. Marchant thought. That was what you called them if they were not numerous enough to be rebels.

She lit the primus and made herself a pot of tea. It was not very good tea, and this surprised her. She did not make it as well as Joseph had done.

Poor Joseph. Not a bad boy, really. Difficult at times — sometimes very difficult; but that was part of being sixteen years old. Mrs. Marchant remembered having read something, or perhaps she had heard it in a speech, about that curious lapse in mental development. During early adolescence, the book had said — if it had been a book, and she rather thought it had. Yes, the memoirs of a former governor.

Joseph was — had been — quite a bright boy, only rarely absent-minded. It was

a pity he had taken to drink at such an early age. But such things were only to be expected, really. With the downfall of the tribal system there was no longer any moral authority, and boys simply did as they pleased. They had to be quite unusually wicked to interest the police.

There was breakfast to be considered. Mrs. Marchant did not feel that she could cook breakfast with the two boys lying dead practically next door. On the other hand, she was hungry. Even if there was a rebellion going on, that was no reason for going hungry. Mrs. Marchant considered the matter and finally decided to make do with a few sandwiches. It was many years, she realised, since she had done anything for herself. She was in danger of becoming helpless.

Mrs. Marchant ate a few sandwiches and drank some more of the indifferent tea. Presently she went out and seated herself in a

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When the boy turned the gun away from her, but still too close for safety, Mrs. Marchant said, "Go on, fire it—or are you afraid?"





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Page 6



HAIRDRESSING GOSSIP

by Miss Gwenda Jones,
hair-fashion expert.

World Trend to Colour

It's only a generation since colouring your hair was considered definitely "fast." But then, so was lipstick! Today, things have changed . . . all over the world, now, enriching of the natural hair colour is as much taken for granted as enriching the colour of lips or cheeks. And concealing grey hairs seems as natural as concealing tell-tale wrinkles in the skin.

Australia's out-door women are particularly colour-conscious, and realise there is nothing more attractive than natural-looking radiant colour in the hair.

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New life for dull hair!

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Permanently Yours



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 25, 1955

His career was surely
a most strange one . . .
all his brilliance and
skill went into the task
of making other men
rich and famous.

IT'S a pretty strange feeling, when you've been talking to a man a few hours earlier, to pick up the morning paper and see that he has died.

However ill you knew him to be, however foreseen the end, it is difficult at first to accept the finality of the previous evening's parting. At least, that's how I felt when I read in the stop-press that Frank Meridith had died.

"On your way, Bill, my boy," his last words to me had been. "Leave me to my triumph." And he'd laughed his twice-life-size laugh and waved me to the door. It was typical Meridith, that curtain-line, that laughter . . .

I met him first at a cocktail-party, about eight years ago. I'd just that day got my first job as drama critic on a small fortnightly review, and I wanted the world to know.

It was that sort of party. Everyone seemed to do something, be someone. But I knew no one at all, except my hostess, and she was busy with new arrivals.

Standing in a corner, I amused myself for a while by mentally rehearsing a little dialogue in which I revealed my new-found greatness to some admiring listener. But soon this was not enough. I wanted to talk, and so I looked round in search of someone approachable and, if possible, impressionable.

It was then I decided on Meridith. Much older than most people there, he was an unexpected sight among the pale, lost lilies of Bohemia. He was a big, burly man with a tanned face and grizzled hair.

His boisterous laugh rang out triumphantly above every other sound in the room, and made other people turn and laugh too, without knowing what they were laughing at. I thought he looked more like a farmer on holiday than anything else, and as such I assumed him to be impressionable material.

I edged nearer him and caught his eye; soon we began to talk. To my surprise he seemed to know people, and was able, when I asked him, to tell me each individual's claim to fame. This gave me a lead-in.

"And what are you?" I asked. He smiled his broad, guileless smile. "Homo sapiens," he said gently. "And you?"

Automatically, horrifyingly, my rehearsed answer spoke itself.

"A drama critic," I said. Meridith's great laugh bellowed out. "You're the first one I've met with the wit to make that distinction," he said. "Have another drink, my boy, and then let's get out of here."

We went and had a meal somewhere, and then we sat around in bars. We talked, and I learnt more about writers and writing in one evening than I'd learnt in the preceding twenty years.

After a while I asked him again: "What are you?" He had to be a writer, I knew. The way he talked and thought, the way he observed people made me sure he was. And yet I'd never even heard his name before.

He called for a couple more drinks, got out his cigarette case, offered me one, took one himself, lit both our cigarettes and put the case away again. Then he said: "I'm a ghost."

"What? — Oh, I see, a ghost-writer. But you—" I hesitated. It

Success Story

By
JUDITH
CARR

ILLUSTRATED
BY HEDSTROM

was an honest enough profession, to be sure, but it didn't seem to measure up to a creative brain like Meridith's. "You write your own stuff, too, no doubt," I said cautiously.

"No."

"Why?"

Meridith twiddled his glass restlessly. "Why should I? I write, that's what matters. Who cares what name it's published under?"

"You mean you write the whole book from beginning to end? Not just polish up someone else's outline?"

"The whole thing, usually. Book —play—whatever it may be. I've a play running in the West End now." He grinned at me, seeing the curiosity in my face.

But nothing would make him tell me which play it was he'd written. Not then. Later, when we had known each other some time, and he had found he could trust me not to talk, he told me. It was the best comedy of the year.

With other things he'd written it was the same. To be sure, one or two of the books were pretty mediocre, limited by the minds of the men who had planned and commissioned them, but those with which he'd been given a free hand were excellent.

It was a crazy situation. So crazy that at one time, soon after he'd first told me all this, I began to wonder if his claims were true. But they were. I saw for myself in the years I knew him.

I watched him working, day by day, month by month, to build up other people's reputations. And the fact that he was collecting a comfortable little fortune for himself in the meantime didn't seem to me to be enough.

One day, sitting in his pleasant flat, I asked him how it had all begun.

"It's against my better judgment, mind you," he said. "I'll try to write a play, but heaven help you if it's a flop. I'll flay the lot of you."

"There's no fear of that," I told him. But afterwards I wasn't so sure. Though he was as cheerful and good-humored as ever, his health was failing. Suppose he were to put a mental hoodoo on himself? What if the fact he was writing under his own name after all these years were to upset him in some way?

"I wrote under my own name at first," he said. "I was pretty ambitious then, you know. But nothing sold. I kept at it for two years. Then I was asked to do a re-writing job for someone. He was pleased with my work and he paid me well. So I did it again. And again."

"And again," I said sourly. "Listen, Frank, you make me angry. Just because you had a bad time once, years ago, there's no need to sulk for the rest of your life. And that's what you're doing."

He looked at me kindly, his blue eyes tolerant and amused. "I'm not, Bill, I assure you. My early work didn't sell for a very understandable reason—it just wasn't good enough. Now I've got my technique but I've also acquired a new set of values. I don't take success seriously any more. At least not what most people mean by success."

"But you should take it seriously," I interrupted, "it's so unfair."

"The public still enjoys my work," Frank said patiently. "No matter what name it's under. My closest friends know the truth, they read and appreciate my writings. I've made plenty of money. What more could I want? I'm an old man now, and I've no intention of becoming a promising young writer at sixty-five, not even to satisfy your sense of justice."

I had to laugh at that, and let the subject drop. But I returned to it again, and so did Frank's other friends. We all of us wanted the same thing, for Frank to produce just one play under his own name, and for it to be a success. We urged him again and again not to take on any more work for other people, but to write something of his own, and at last he agreed.

"It's against my better judgment, mind you," he said. "I'll try to write a play, but heaven help you if it's a flop. I'll flay the lot of you."

"There's no fear of that," I told him. But afterwards I wasn't so sure. Though he was as cheerful and good-humored as ever, his health was failing. Suppose he were to put a mental hoodoo on himself? What if the fact he was writing under his own name after all these years were to upset him in some way?

There was no logical reason why it should, and yet soon he began to look worried.

I was worried, too, as the months went by, and I saw Frank's air of exhaustion, his restlessness, his constant drinking. Then suddenly he went away. Just packed up and vanished overnight, leaving a message that he'd gone to finish his work in the country.

Four months later he came back with the completed manuscript.

It was good. Good as anything he'd ever written. They put it on with two of the biggest stars of the London theatre. And it was a success.

At the end of the first performance the whole house stood up and cheered. They called for the author, and Frank came out and bowed and beamed at them, and they cheered more than ever.

But as soon as he was off-stage he collapsed. It was another of his heart-attacks, the doctor said. He gave Frank an injection and soon he was well enough to be taken home in a taxi. I waited while they got him to bed, then I looked in to say good-night.

He was lying flat on his back, looking old and as frail as his massive frame would permit. But his voice was as strong as ever.

"Hiya, Bill!" he called out, as he saw me hesitating in the doorway.

I went over to him. "So you finally made it," I said. "I always knew you would."

"Did you?"

"Of course. You've done it so often before. How could you doubt that you'd do it again?" And I thought of all the men whose reputations he'd made, who'd taken the cheers he'd earned on other first nights. It was good to think that for once he'd had his due.

"So now you know how your fortunate clients used to feel," I said.

He smiled. "That's right. I know now how they must have felt. Exactly."

Something about the way he said "exactly" brought me up short.

"Not exactly," I said. "After all, they had to hire a ghost-writer to do their work for them."

"Exactly," said Frank.

(Copyright)



"I don't take success seriously any more," Frank said in his hearty voice. "At least not what other people call success."

Opening instalment of a fascinating new serial

DARLING CLEMENTINE

BY DOROTHY EDEN

In that forlorn time between late night and early morning Brigit awoke. She could see the illuminated face of her bedside clock with its faint glow-worm light. It said a quarter past three.

Three hours till daylight. Now she would not sleep again. Three hours in which to think. She turned her head restlessly and moonlight caught her in the eyes. The great white staring moon was hanging in the branches of the mulberry tree outside the window.

The tree was dead. Although its trunk had been stiffened with cement to stop its splitting and falling, all but one of its branches had withered and died, and now it stood there against the sky, crooked and witchlike, hugging the moon in its bony arms.

Couldn't they have put her in a room with a view of a living green tree? Brigit wondered in sudden lonely anger. Or if she must have this room because it was large and sunny, couldn't they have thought to cut that lunatic tree down and left her only the uncomplicated sky?

She knew that Captain Phillip Templar had planted the tree two hundred and fifty years ago, with the thought of cultivating silkworms as a hobby—he needed a hobby from his buccaneering on the high seas, a nice peaceful hobby that did harm to no one but the mulberry leaves—and that the tree had subsequently become as much an heirloom as the gold plate and the Chinese ivories and the family portraits.

Because of this, even dead the tree would stand there, marring the view, curiously evil in its twisted death, as if it had caught some of the evil of the Templar family.

No, no, that was a sick, unbalanced thought. The family was not evil now. That particular type of badness had died with Captain Phillip. From generation to generation they had grown more respectable. They had amassed money and respectability in equal quantities.

Finally great-grandfather Andrew had been decorated by Queen Victoria, and with that Royal gesture the family had arrived. All its inherited vice and cruelty now ran deeply and was only glimpsed by the sharp-eyed or the unfortunate.

Even Fergus agreed that her family was highly respectable. He said he adored Uncle Saunders with his quaint, elderly jokes, and that Aunt Annabel was a darling. And of course Guy, being Brigit's brother, was above reproach.

But Brigit knew what Fergus really thought. He despised them all, Uncle Saunders for his miserliness, Aunt Annabel because she was a silly old lady who let her husband bully her, and Guy because he was weak. How then could he love her, she whose veins were full of Templar blood?

Especially now . . .

Brigit flung her head away from the cruelly staring moon. A stab of pain went through her. Life—was it life? She moved restlessly and watched intently the moon-blanchèd coverlet of the bed. The two mounds that were her feet stayed motionless. Tears filled her eyes. She was so sure that she had moved. But they said one still felt one's legs even when they had been amputated. Hers, useless as they were, at least remained attached to her body.

Her physical condition was improving. With

that back to normal this curious paralysis would leave her. It was merely a matter of shock to the nerve centres. Such a thing sometimes took time to mend. The important thing was not to worry.

No one else was worrying. Fergus certainly wasn't. Neither were the children. They were as happy as sandboys with Prissie, who was a treasure.

Aunt Annabel and Uncle Saunders were not worrying either. They liked company, even if it was a sick woman and a couple of children. The house had been gloomy lately with only Aunt Annabel's everlasting cats. And Nurse Ellen was not worrying. She was expecting daily that Brigit, like the young man in the Bible, would pick up her bed and walk. It was almost a game with her.

"And how many tootsies will wiggle this morning? Not one of them? Well, we'll have to try playing 'This little pig went to market.' Never mind, ducky, wait till tomorrow."

Brigit didn't really mind being called ducky and talked to like a child. It was only for such a short while. They all kept telling her so.

"Darling, darling Brigit, I love your silly legs." That was the memory of Fergus' voice in her ears. "I always knew they had a will of their own and one day they would say they were having a rest. Which is not surprising, the way you've run them up and down stairs and over hill and dale. Let them have their rest. We won't fuss about them." And then Fergus' kiss first gently dried the tears in her eyes and then lingered on her mouth. "Nor the baby either," he whispered.

But remembering that made the tears come back. Not because Fergus was being so heartbreakingly kind and sweet, but because the old nagging doubts were in her mind. He hadn't really wanted the baby, he hadn't really wanted Nicky and Sarah, but when they had come he had been as sweet about them as he was now about her silly useless legs.

Perhaps it was a good thing about the baby. Because she, too, secretly hadn't wanted it . . .

Brigit moved her head again restlessly. The pillow had got clotted into uncomfortable bumps beneath her neck. She tried to straighten it, but her efforts only made it worse. The clock, with its glow-worm light, showed only half-past three. The night and that moon caught like a blazing moth in the spiderweb of the tree were going on forever.

Forever . . . Forever . . . The clock with its small busy tick was laughing at her, gaily tripping over itself with laughter.

"You'll lie there forever . . . you'll never walk again . . ."

With the moon and the dead tree and the blanched sky watching her . . . She would gradually rot away until she was as thin and dry and twisted as the mulberry boughs that once had borne delicious fruit. Fruit for Fergus, who loved to hold her, burying his face in her shoulder, stroking her with a hand that trembled . . .

"You'll never walk again . . ."

That wasn't the tick of the clock, or her own mind seeming to speak aloud. Those words were

actually being spoken in a hoarse secret voice that came from the direction of the fireplace.

Brigit turned her head sharply. There was a curious sibilant noise in the room. Someone was breathing deeply and heavily.

"You'll never walk . . ."

Frantically, on the half-finished sentence, Brigit felt for the bell on the night table and rang it. She kept her finger on it long after the clangor had filled the room.

A bundly shape in the corner moved and sprang to life. A light went on. Nurse Ellen, blinking and full of alarm, rushed to the bedside.

"I fell asleep. What's the matter, Mrs. Gaye? Are you feeling sick?"

Brigit, breathless and weak, sank back in the pillows. The sibilant noise had been Nurse Ellen snoring. She had forgotten that Nurse Ellen sat up with her. Fergus had insisted on that, although the need for a night nurse was past. Perhaps because he thought she would be lonely for his arms. Just as she was . . . So lonely

Still, she mustn't get neurotic, too, waking Nurse Ellen up because the poor girl snored.

But the voice, the cruel insistent words . . .

"Nurse, look in the passage quickly. I heard something."

"Of course you did. This house is full of sounds. I never heard such a noisy house in my life." Nurse Ellen went to the door and peered out.

"No one here," she said. She switched on a light. "Unless it's one of Mrs. Hatchett's ghosts, and that wouldn't make a noise, or so I'm told, ghosts losing their speaking faculties with their clothes. What was it you heard, dear?"

"A—sort of voice," Brigit said, half ashamedly.

"I think you were having a bad dream, ducky. What about a nice cup of tea to put you off to sleep again. Oh, there it is, the thing you heard."

Brigit's head shot up.

"One of those so-and-so cats," Nurse Ellen said cheerfully. "Begging your pardon, Mrs. Gaye. You probably heard it miaowing. One thing I can't stand in the dead of night is a cat miaowing. Well, there are all sorts of places, aren't there. But I must say I've never been in one with cats and ghosts quite so plentiful."

"And voices," thought Brigit silently. But she said no more. What she had heard had not been one of Aunt Annabel's cats.

But had she heard anything? Had it not been just in her own mind? Her subconscious growling, growling, speaking the fear that her tongue dared not.

"You'll never walk again . . ."

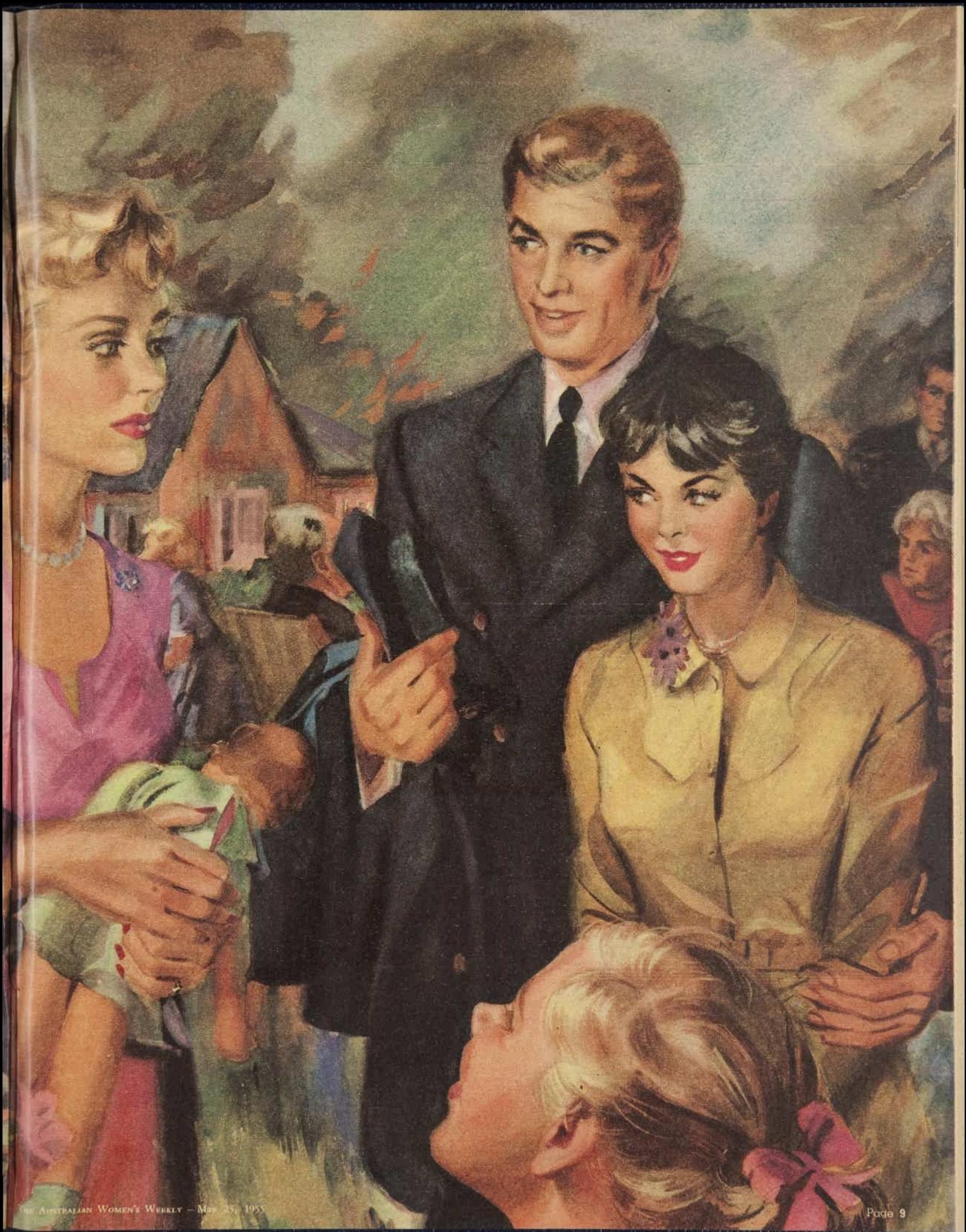
Oh, Nicky, oh Sarah, oh Fergus, Fergus, darling . . .

"No wonder you woke up," said Nurse Ellen, "with that piece of gold plate staring you in the face."

Gold plate . . . That was what Captain

To page 51

"My birthday present for you, darling," Fergus said, leading the girl towards Brigit. "This is Prissie."



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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for
the best letter of the
week as well as 10/6
for every letter pub-
lished on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IS hand embroidery becoming a lost art among teenagers? Among all those I know, very few have the time or inclination to do such work. As girls, women of my generation started when aged about 13 to work laboriously at duchesse sets, runners, and supper cloths, and as each was completed it was laid away reverently in the "glory box." Shy, young dreams of a breath-taking future were stitched into often grubby cloths which were proudly displayed when the owner became engaged. The tempo of modern life has stepped up since then, and machine work has ousted hand embroidery to a large extent, but it lacks the romance and memories embodied in the work we used to do.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Blanche Shirley,
Mt. Isa, Qld.

CAN anyone explain why other women adopt a superior attitude when I tell them I hate housework? I loathe washing dishes and floors and cooking and cleaning. I cannot understand how any self-respecting woman can actually enjoy dipping her pretty fingernails into a bucket of soapy water to scrub. Don't get me wrong. My house is spick and span and I love my husband and little family, but I really get annoyed when I hear the smug expression, "I love working in the house." Perhaps my vocation before marriage has caused my attitude. I was a typist—not a housemaid.

10/6 to "They Can Pull Me To Bits" (name supplied), Toowoomba, Qld.

I AM an old woman, lame and poor, and am nervous in traffic. A few weeks ago I stood on a busy footpath, afraid to cross the road. Then a young man came up, asked whether I was waiting to cross, and offered me his arm to assist me across the street. My eyes filled with tears and I thought what a pity it is that more people do not realise the truth of the old verse ending, "just the art of being kind is all this sad world needs."

10/6 to "Kindness" (name supplied), Lane Cove, N.S.W.

THE custom of replying to invitations seems to be dying out. It is easy to forget to answer an invitation, but good manners make it important not to forget. One recent hostess who invited a large number of guests to a party had, by the date given for replies, received answers to less than half the invitations sent out. Informality is all very well in its place, but the good manners of other days should not be allowed to lapse.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Graham, Perth, Tas.

Our Lord's face

IN reply to Mrs. F. Quinton, who asked why all pictures of Jesus showed Him with a tortured and sorrowful face (The Australian Women's Weekly, 4/5/55), I would like her to know there are plenty of pictures showing Jesus as a happy person. If she, when visiting the city, called at one of the church depots they would be only too pleased to show her pictures of Christ just as she imagines He should be.

10/6 to Mrs. E. D. Dunn, West End, Brisbane.

IN the third verse, 53rd chapter of Isaiah, we read: "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised and we esteemed Him not." Our Lord's earthly ministry was of love and toil for His flock, in fasting, prayer, and privation, and bitter disappointment at their unbelief. Surely it is not hard for a Bible student to understand that His face would show little joy and gladness.

10/6 to Mrs. H. Wikon, Oatley, N.S.W.

I WOULD ask Mrs. Quinton to study closely the eyes of some pictures of Our Lord. Not all are sad although there may be a smile on the face; the eyes have a decided brightness. There is always this expression in pictures of Him with children. Naturally, the sadness is there also, for was not He born to bear the sins of the world? And there are so many.

10/6 to Mrs. E. M. Abbs, Belmont, N.S.W.

NO fixed likeness or graven image can ever do justice to the Living Christ, in whose face all human joys and sorrows are reflected. However, so far as any fixed likeness is concerned, the Man of Sorrows is perhaps more realistic and more acceptable to the world in general than a smiling Christ would be, in this could seem unsympathetic to the sorrowing.

10/6 to Miss D. Starling, Ashburton, Melbourne.

Comradeship

UNLIKE "Just a Woman," who says few women like or give help to one another (The Australian Women's Weekly, 4/5/55), I have experienced and observed many acts of kindness by women to other women. To say there is little comradeship between women is not correct. Surely the nursing profession alone is evidence of both liking and comradeship among women, to say nothing of the various women's organisations which all play an unselfish part in helping to make happy living for both sexes.

10/6 to F. Gibbon, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

Family Affairs

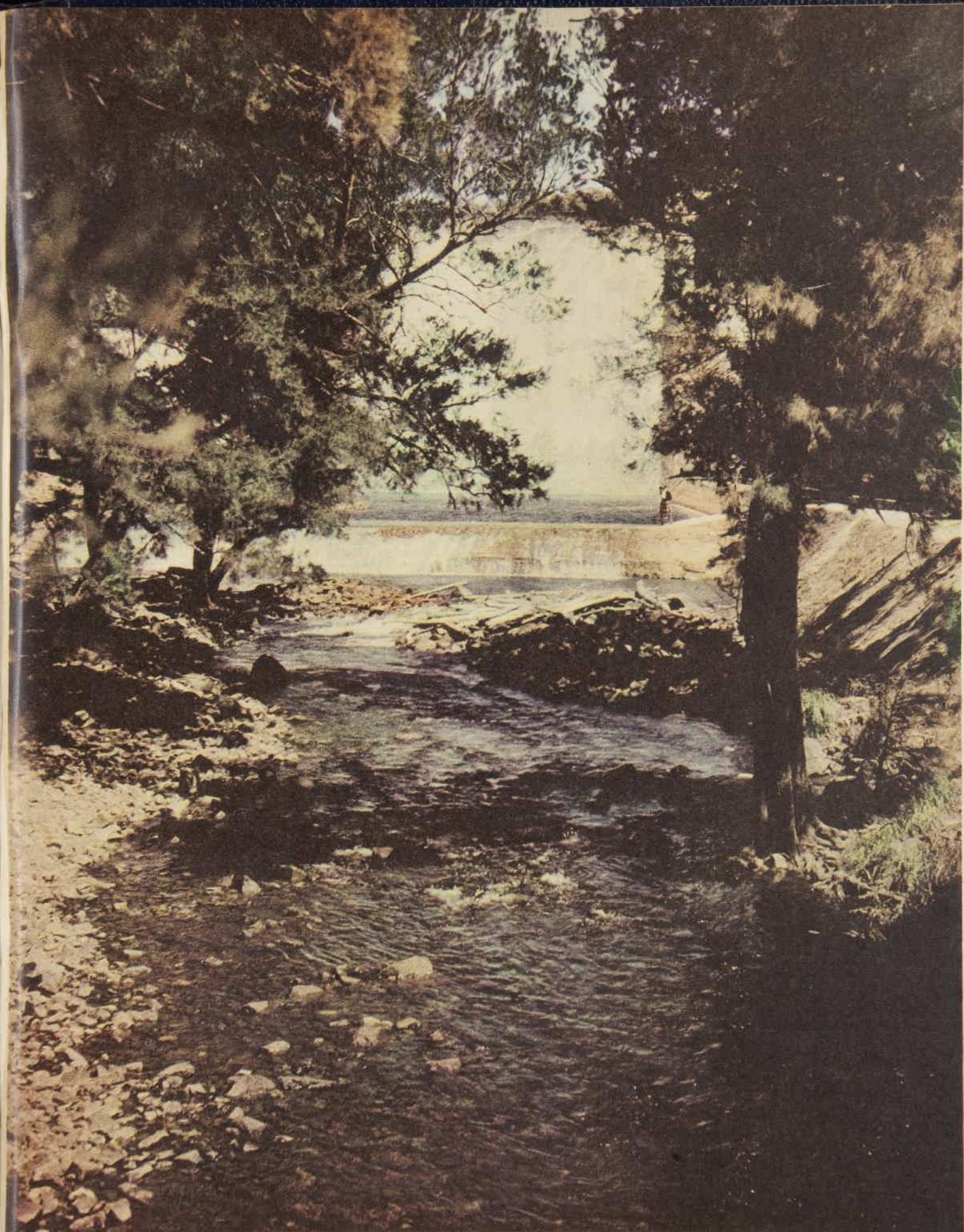
• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

HAVING to face the fact that our second little daughter was mentally retarded, life ahead seemed a long, grey road. For weeks I could only feel I had been cruelly hit. My voice trembled constantly and the sincere pity of my friends made things worse. Then, looking at my husband's unhappy face, realising how hard he was trying to help me, I realised that if we went on in this way our health, his work, and our elder daughter's life would be very much affected.

So I had a good talk with myself, telling myself how silly it was to spoil all our lives, and that the children would not benefit by our sadness but only by a healthy, cheerful home atmosphere.

Now, four years later, we lead a normal, active life and our friends do not find us a reason for pity. Our elder daughter, aged 10, is happy and carefree, and, although fully aware of her sister's handicap, has a great love for her. As parents we have experienced an immense joy in every improvement in our younger child, whose mornings are spent at a wonderful special centre. I can say we have tackled our problem well, and, although difficulties are sure to recur, our state of mind now is such that we can face and solve them.

£1/1/- to H. M. Barker, Melbourne.



BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

THE COTTER RIVER, which runs through the Australian Capital Territory, is a favorite picnic spot with Canberra residents and visitors. This picture, taken by Mr. George Fenton, of Artarmon, N.S.W., shows in the background the Cotter Dam, from which Canberra draws its water supply. The river is said to have been named after a hermit called Cotter, who lived in a humpy nearby. Flowing for 30 miles, the Cotter is joined by Paddy's River before emptying into the Murrumbidgee.

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I couldn't believe my tongue!"

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FOR TOILETS, WOODWORK, WINDOWS, LINO.

Page 12

Norway's Royal Family



THREE GENERATIONS. King Haakon of Norway (in centre) photographed at the Royal Palace, Oslo, with his son, Crown Prince Olav, and Olav's son, Harald, now aged 18.

PRINCESS ASTRID, who is King Haakon's granddaughter, will assist him to entertain Queen Elizabeth and the Duke when they visit Oslo next month.

Pretty young Princess helps to plan programme for State visit

After King Haakon of Norway had announced from his palace in Oslo that Britain's Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh would pay a State visit to Oslo next June, he sent immediately for the First Lady in the Land to help him draw up plans to entertain the Royal visitors.

NORWAY'S First Lady, who will be hostess to Britain's Queen, is a young, unmarried girl—23-year-old Princess Astrid, the granddaughter of King Haakon.

The welcome Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will receive from their young hostess on their visit from June 24 to June 26 will be a family welcome, for Princess Astrid is Queen Elizabeth's cousin, and she is a very

great favorite with all members of the British Royal Family.

Princess Astrid's grandmother, Queen Maud, was the youngest daughter of Edward VII, and she married King Haakon, then the young Prince Carl of Denmark, in England. She died before the war.

Princess Astrid is the younger daughter of the Crown Prince of Norway, Prince Olav. Her mother, Princess Martha, died last year. With her father and only brother, 18-year-old Prince Harald, she

lives at Skaugum, one of the Royal residences in Oslo.

When Princess Astrid's elder sister, Princess Ragnhild, was married in May, 1953, to a commoner, Mr. Erling Lorentzen, Princess Margaret went from London to Oslo to represent Queen Elizabeth at the wedding. Princess Ragnhild and her husband now live in South America.

Princess Astrid, who is now so busy helping King Haakon to make plans for the Royal visit, is familiar with English ways, because she has lived in England.

From
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London office.

land, where she studied at Oxford and gained a diploma in domestic science.

In accepting King Haakon's invitation to visit Oslo, Queen Elizabeth will be making her first State visit outside the British Commonwealth since her accession.

She and the Duke of Edinburgh will travel to Oslo in the Royal yacht Britannia.

Jubilee Year

THE visit of British Royalty will be the climax in a year of jubilee for the Norwegians, who are celebrating this year the 50th anniversary of 82-year-old King Haakon's reign.

On June 7, the 50th anniversary of the dissolution of the union of Norway with Sweden will be celebrated and on November 18 it will be 50 years since the Norwegian Parliament formally elected the then Prince Carl of Denmark to be King Haakon of Norway.

When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh pay their State visit in Norway's Jubilee Year, they will be given the biggest reception ever recorded a foreign visitor to Norway.

From June 24 to June 26 all Oslo will be a carnival city. And although the official programme now being arranged will be formal, it will be touched everywhere with the supremely democratic spirit of the Norwegians.

Officially the programme



BEAUTIFUL OSLO HARBOR seen through the trees from one of the surrounding hills. Some of the city's modern buildings are shown on the foreshores. On arrival in the Royal yacht Britannia, the Queen and the Duke will sail up this harbor.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 25, 1955

...They'll be hosts to the Queen



YACHTING on Oslo's beautiful harbor is a favorite pastime for all members of the Norwegian Royal Family. Above, Prince Harald is shown at the tiller of the yacht while his father and a young friend of Prince Harald serve as crew.

is a secret, and must remain so until the State visit of President Asgeir Asgeirsson, of the Republic of Iceland, has taken place this month.

The hospitable Norwegians would never allow the visit of one monarch to overshadow the visit of another country's representative.

Family visit

WHILE plans are being made to entertain President Asgeirsson in true Scandinavian fashion, arrangements for the visit of the head of the British Royal Family are well under way.

To the Norwegians the close family ties between their Royalty and Britain's Royalty are very dear.

When the Royal visit was announced, a photograph of Princess Astrid was published showing her stirring a saucepan in the kitchen.

The caption read: "The Queen may taste her cousin's cooking." Every Norwegian housewife was delighted at the thought.

In her kitchen at Skaugum she certainly did try out a few Scandinavian recipes, for cooking is her favorite pastime. But her duties as hostess to the Queen will be far too onerous to allow her to spend any time in the kitchen during the Royal visit.

Supervising the menus for the State Banquet at King Haakon's Royal Palace, entertaining the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they drive up to Skaugum to lunch with her father, the Crown Prince, stranging the flowers in both Royal residences, accompanying the Queen when she goes on a sightseeing tour of Oslo, and helping to arrange the gala performance at the National Theatre will be only some of the Princess Astrid's duties.

But she is well trained for her position, and has many times acted as hostess for King Haakon and for her father, so she is undertaking her heavy official programme with ease.

In spite of the position she holds in Norway, Princess Astrid has remained unspoiled

and is a gay and very natural girl.

She is tall, blond, blue-eyed, a true Viking and a typical Norwegian.

Like all other members of her family she is very democratic, and although they are Royalty they live very much like the life of their people.

King Haakon is probably the only monarch in history who tobogganed to work in the morning. Once he used to toboggan down the hill into Oslo from his ski hut at Kongseteren every morning, but at 82 he is now too old for that.

All members of the Royal Family are fond of Scandinavian sports — skiing, sailing, and swimming, and Crown Prince Olav, who is now aged 51, is still a ski-jumper and ski-runner.

King Haakon lives in the Royal Palace at Oslo, where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will stay during their visit.

On their arrival on the morning of June 24 in the Britannia, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will sail up the magnificent Oslo Fiord through lines of sailing boats and motor vessels to the inner Oslo Harbor, where they will disembark just below the fine, modern Town Hall, of which all Norwegians are quite rightly, very proud.

Blue and white

BOYS and girls in their national costumes will line the streets when the Queen and the Duke drive past, and the whole city will be gay with decorations and with Norwegian flags in light blue and white.

The Queen and the Duke will first pay homage to Norway's dead by placing a wreath on the War Memorial, then they will have an informal lunch with King Haakon and members of his family at the Royal Palace.

It will be a real family party, with delicious Norwegian food. The national specialty, known as "koldtbord" (cold table), is almost certain to be served. This is

famous for its variety of dishes, such as smoked salmon, fresh lobster, and shrimps.

On the first evening of the Royal visit there will be a formal reception at the palace to ambassadors, and ministers to King Haakon's Court will be presented. This will be followed by a formal banquet.

There will probably be another banquet in the Queen's honor. This will be given by the Government in the famous Akerhus Castle, a medieval building now restored and re-decorated and used for important State occasions.

The Queen in her turn will entertain, and will give a banquet at the British Embassy in King Haakon's honor.

Garden party

IN the grounds of the British Embassy later there is likely to be a garden party at which the British Ambassador to Norway, Mr. P. W. S. Y. Scarlett, C.M.G., will be the host. At this party the Queen will have an opportunity of meeting at large number of Norwegians.

If the State programme permits, the Queen, I understand, would like to give a luncheon party on board the Britannia, where the dining-room, large and well-furnished, is a perfect setting for entertaining.

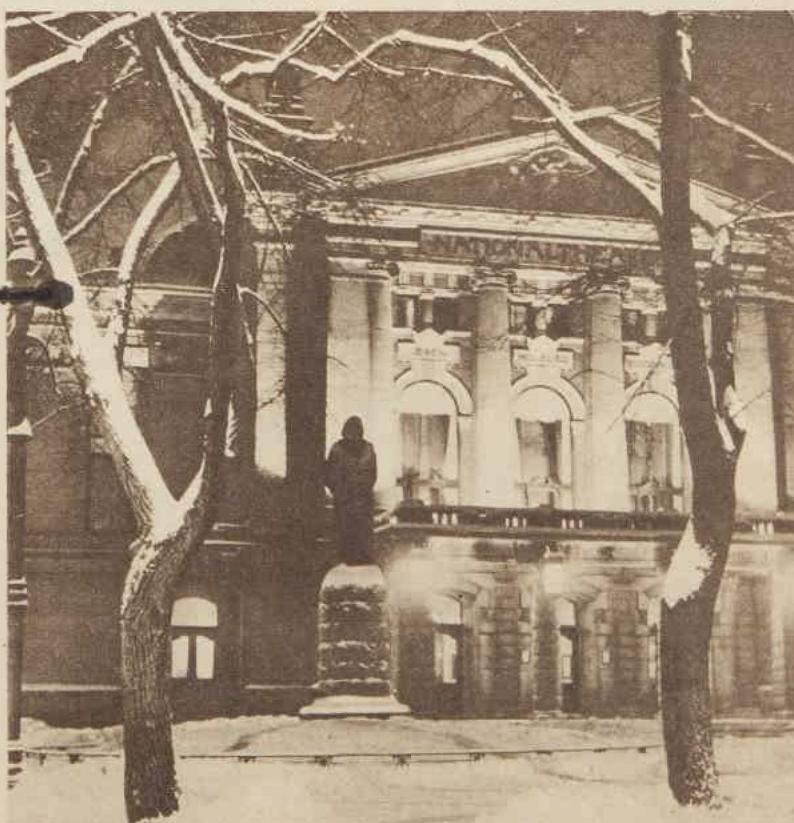
Details of the State programme have not yet reached Buckingham Palace, but one firm date is the gala performance at the National Theatre.

When Princess Margaret was in Oslo for Princess Ragnhild's wedding she paid an unexpected visit to the Kon-Tiki Museum, where since 1947 has been housed the raft on which Thor Heyerdahl and his five companions drifted nearly 5000 miles from Peru across the Pacific to the Tuamoto Islands.

The Queen has read Heyerdahl's book and seen the film of the Kon-Tiki expedition. She has one free afternoon on the State programme, so she may go sight-seeing and it is likely that she, too, will visit the Kon-Tiki Museum.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, photographed recently in London. With the Duke of Edinburgh she will pay a State visit to Norway from June 24 to June 26 and will stay at the Royal Palace in Norway's capital, Oslo, as the guest of King Haakon and his family.



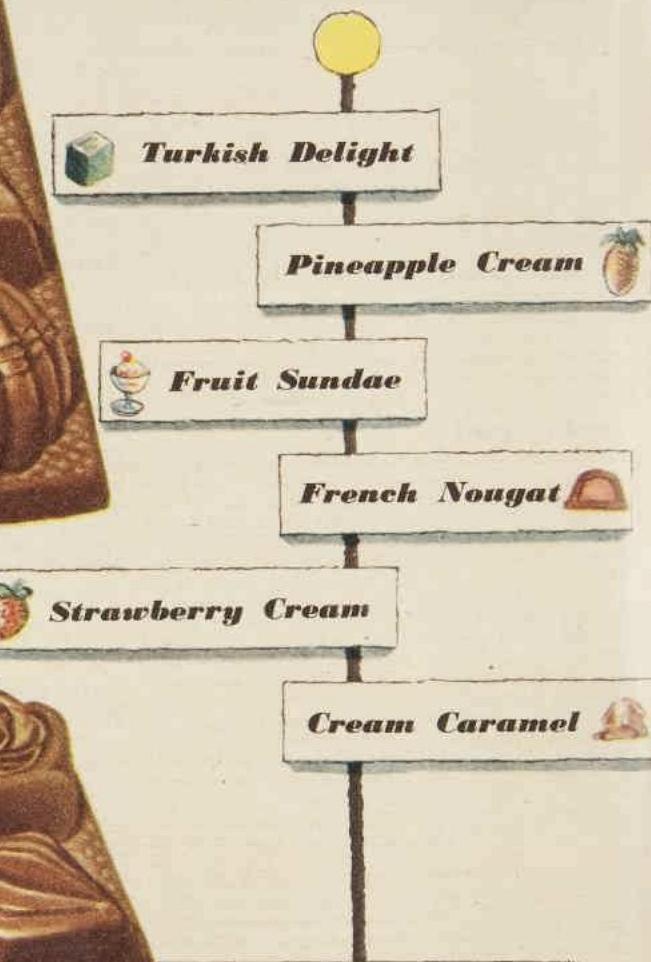
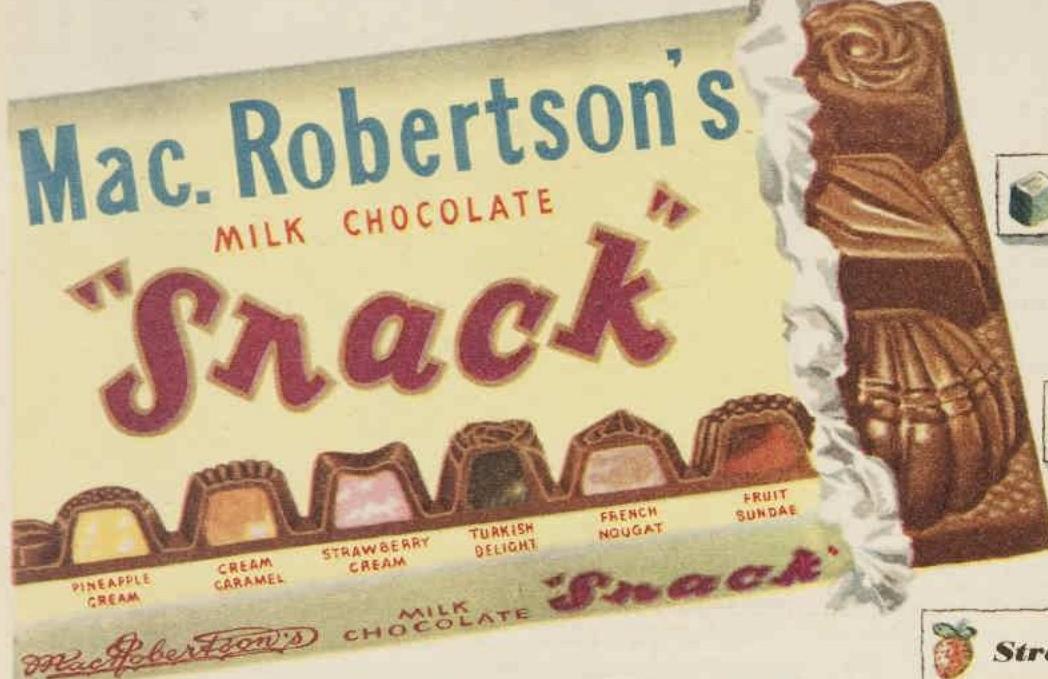
NATIONAL THEATRE in Oslo is framed by snow-covered branches of trees on a winter night. Statues of Norway's great dramatists, Ibsen and Bjornson, flank the entrance. The Queen and the Duke will attend a gala performance in this theatre. The programme will include Grieg's music and Norwegian ballet and drama.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 25, 1955

Modern ballet school

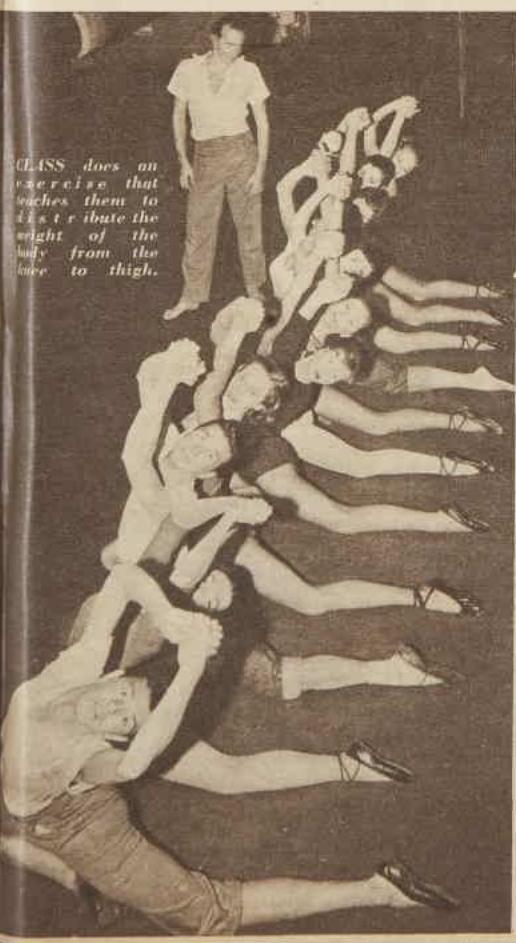


MUSCLES like flexible steel are developed in this exercise performed by students in Melbourne attending choreographer David Hamilton's classes in modern American ballet. Hamilton has danced in London revues.

Modern American ballet, which needs an entirely different technique from classical ballet and conventional stage dancing, is being taught at classes conducted in Sydney and Melbourne by dancer and choreographer David Hamilton, who recently returned to Australia after five years in London. Professional dancers, including members of the "Paint Your Waggon" company and the Tivoli ballet, are attending these new dance classes.



BASIC CONTROL of the body hinges on contraction of the pelvic muscles. Teacher and choreographer David Hamilton demonstrates how the body tautens and relaxes with sharply defined, staccato actions.



CLASS does an exercise that eases them to transfer the weight of the body from the toe to thigh.

BELOW: Janette Lidell, dancing star of the "Paint Your Waggon" company, is supported by David Hamilton as she drops after a modern lift exercise in the ballet class.



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to bring out meat's distinctive flavour. Use it to give

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a new lease of life to sandwiches. And most certainly

with rich dishes, such as

roast pork or roast duck.



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V.37A

WEDDING OF THE YEAR



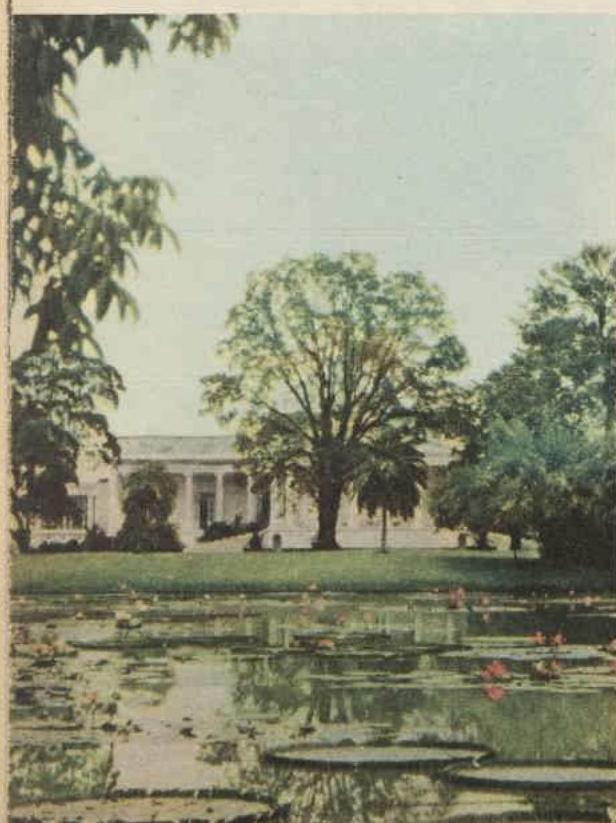
● The wedding of Peter Henderson and Heather Menzies, only daughter of the Prime Minister and Dame Pattie Menzies, has aroused much interest. The marriage will take place at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Canberra, on May 28 at 2.30 p.m., and will be followed by a large reception at University House, Canberra.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. E. G. S. Henderson, parents of the bridegroom, with their son Geoffrey and Peter's dog, English setter Rumble.

LEFT: The bridegroom, Peter Henderson, young career diplomat, in Djakarta, where he is Third Secretary at the Australian Embassy.

RIGHT: St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Canberra, scene of the wedding. Both Heather and Peter are proud of their Scottish forebears.



LEFT: Heather will probably visit these famous Indonesian Botanical Gardens, photographed with the President's palace in the background beyond the water-lily pond, when she makes her new home in Djakarta.

SUBURBAN HOMES in Djakarta like these above are built to combat tropical heat. Peter Henderson, who is attached to the Australian Embassy in Djakarta, has been busy hunting for a home for his future bride.



THE PRIME MINISTER and Dame Pattie Menzies with Heather. This exclusive picture by staff photographer Clive Thompson was taken when the engagement was announced. Dame Pattie had barely two months to arrange the details of the wedding and reception, which will be held at University House, A.C.T.



ABOVE: The Lodge, Canberra, official home of the Prime Minister of Australia. Heather makes history as the first bride to be married from The Lodge since it was opened for residence in 1927.

RIGHT: The bride, Heather Menzies, photographed in the garden of The Lodge. Heather has the perfect background and training for a diplomat's wife—she accompanied her father on several trips abroad.



JOAN WARDROP, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wardrop, of Kew, Victoria. Joan was at school with Heather at Ruyton, Melbourne, Vic.



ROBIN CAMPBELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Campbell, of "Woden," Queanbeyan, N.S.W. It was at their delightful home that Heather and Peter first met.

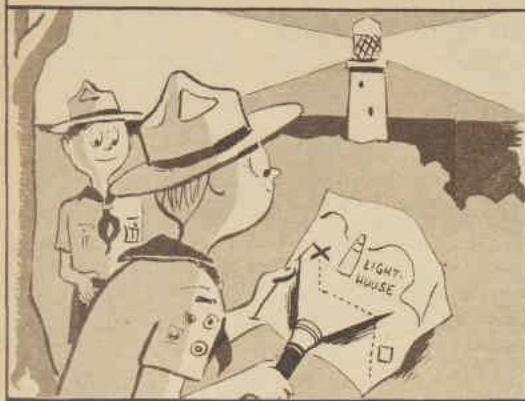


RUTH FARREN PRICE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Farren Price, Melbourne, studied music at Melbourne Con. with Heather. Ruth recently returned from a trip abroad.



MARIAN MCPHERSON, daughter of Sir Clive McPherson, of Melbourne, was formerly private secretary to Lady Brooks at Government House.

**The light that never fails...
by "EVEREADY"**



Two lights that never fail — (above) the historic lighthouse at South Head, Sydney, and (lower) an ever-reliable "Eveready" brand flashlight.



Keep a special "Eveready" flashlight in your glove-box for all night-time emergencies on the road. Keep a second flashlight especially for indoor use.



**The Flashlight Batteries
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SCIATIC
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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"I've planned it all carefully. When I'm 60 I'm going to retire, raise a few chickens, and take it easy."

MOTHER



"Do come in. We're just having a quiet evening at home."

UNDER-ARM HAIR

means the end of glamour

Get rid of ugly hair
in 3 minutes

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If you want to be admired, always keep under-arms hair-free. But never use a razor. Razors make hair grow quicker and coarser. They scrape tender skin. Just apply wonderful Veet cream. Leave it on for 3 minutes. Then wash it off. It's amazing. Every trace of hair has gone. Skin is left smooth as silk, as if ugly hair had never existed. Remember, Veet is just as good for removing hair on arms and legs. No need to suffer embarrassment when you can get Veet. Try Veet to-day.

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VEET hair-removing cream

It seems to me

BY the time Ned Kelly's centenary is celebrated — and I'm much afraid that's what it will come to — the story will be so overlaid with fantasy that nobody will care about the facts any more.

Young Mr. Kelly, dead this 75 years, would indeed have been surprised to learn that he would live on in literary and artistic circles.

In London, Australian Sidney Nolan's paintings on the Kelly theme have drawn enthusiastic criticism from "The Times," which spoke of "a Kelly, as befits a figure of myth, no longer the individual historical person, but tender, brutal, universal Ned."

It's common enough in history for an outlaw's memory to become encrusted with legend, but it always seems odd that the Kelly gang should have been the particular batch of bushrangers to catch the public imagination.

Douglas Stewart, in his fine verse-play, "Ned Kelly," gives Joe Byrne the lines:

"... cry for me, the lost bird in the gully,
Not for Ned, for Ned's got a legend to
sleep with.
A legend to meet him at daybreak and
ride at his side."

That's what has happened, anyway, though it's extremely doubtful that any of the Kellys knew they were headed for immortality.

The best thing to do seems to be to make the best of the legend and be grateful that it has provided a subject for some of our most notable poets and painters.

* * *

YOU know that song "Let Me Go, Lover," which is high on the Hit Parades at the minute?

The other day I saw it listed in a record-shop window among the hit numbers, but the sign-writer had named it "Let Go Me, Lover."

A nice difference, isn't it? Just the difference between passion and petulance.

* * *

SUGGESTION by Dr. Colin Roderick that Intermediate students should read three Australian books for every two English books and Leaving students three for three goes a little far.

It is reasonable that children should learn something of their own literature, but it isn't reasonable to stack it up in a 50 per cent proportion against the rest of English writing.

Dr. Roderick's contention is that children should proceed from "the known to the unknown," but surely one of the functions of books is to stimulate the imagination.

Another point made by Dr. Roderick—that the treatment Shakespeare received at school damned him for life in the minds of most children—is familiar.

This is sometimes due to bad teaching, but just as often the study of Shakespeare at school gives children a glimpse into a world which might otherwise remain closed.

THIS week I've had some interesting correspondence about chokos, arising from a verse a couple of weeks ago.

I am always a little nervous when I speak slightly of a vegetable. Once I did just that about Brussels sprouts, and later learned that there is an organisation whose members, being sprouts growers, feel somewhat strongly about such calamities.

(Not that they should care. Sprouts are 3/- a pound round my district this week.)

So far I haven't heard of a Society for the Protection of Chokos, but a reader sent me

an item from a Victorian paper which begins, "Many people find enjoyment in trying to grow something a little more difficult than the usual vegetable crops and . . ."

Guess what the writer's talking about? Yes, chokos! If a vegetable isn't easy to grow it automatically rises in local esteem.

One night last week I found a parcel tied to the door-knocker of my flat. It contained a fine choko, and a verse, from a neighbor.

The verse made an excellent suggestion for using a glut of chokos in built-up areas—to throw them out the window at midnight revelers who prevent flat-dwellers from sleeping.

* * *

ADDRESSING probationary constables, the N.S.W. Police Commissioner, Mr. Delaney, told them: "Always be courteous. When you speak to a lady come to attention and salute her."

Lady, when you cop a bluse
And, as well, a smart salute,
Don't say, "What a lot of hoopy!"
But, "Dear constable, you're cute!"

* * *

FRENCH psychiatrist Madame Vergera says that babies should be rocked to sleep and have lullabies sung to them. "Rocking is indispensable to the harmonious physical and psychological development of a baby," she said, adding that lack of this attention by mothers causes mental disorders.

Rockabye, baby, we're watching your psyche,
Keeping those nasty neuroses at bay.
Mother is rocking; she's weary, by crikey,
After the cares and the chores of the day.

Hushabye, baby, your sisters and brothers
Used to be left in their cradles to yell.
Gone are the schedules that governed the
others,

How's their subconscious? There's no one can
tell.

Rockabye, baby, without inhibition;
Time marches on, and theories thrive.
Be it psychology, be it nutrition,
Babies and cradles contrive to survive.

TIBS — NOW EVEN BETTER FOR YOUR CAT (IN HANDY TABLETS)



WATCH YOUR CAT relish his food when you sprinkle one of the new TIBS tablets into it. See how he benefits. One TIBS a day gives him a balanced supply of vitamins A and B plus all the vitamins of concentrated liver for glowing eyes and silky coat.

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**I am safe now
from winter
COLDS....**

"I'd always had a lot of colds in the winter and usually one really bad one. I almost used to wait for them to come. Last winter I tried a preventive treatment, to see if it would help. Luckily I had heard about Anti-Bi-San and, although I didn't expect too much, I was delighted with the result — not one cold all winter. I've taken Anti-Bi-San each quarter regularly and I'm confident of protection from colds." In the great majority of cases Anti-Bi-San provides protection against colds within 10 days of the start of treatment.

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AVAILABLE IN ADULTS
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And where does the best citizenship start?

At a Mother's knee . . .

The mothers and mothers-to-be of Australia, readers of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, can help to put "The Call's" new message into the hearts of the men and children — "Lend a Hand, Mate — Better Citizens will make Australia stronger."

Women wield a unique influence. "The Call" asks for an uplift in the morals and habits of daily life. Who could help more than you, the Women?

"The Call" — issued by leaders of the Judiciary and Churches — reminded Australia that we are all "members one of another, dependent even for our daily bread on the work of many. From the community we have our livelihood, cul-

ture, protection in a reign of law. To the community we owe a just return of loyalty and service."

In Your Daily Life

In your own life you receive service from many — the milkman, baker and other tradespeople — farmers who grow the food you eat — people in factories who make the things you use — the postman, policeman, and many others.

They serve us. We in return serve them. Does the service we give equal the service we receive?

"The Call" asks for "Loyalty" — which covers honesty, respect for law, courage, discipline, tolerance, co-operation, and unswerving devotion to God, Queen and Country.

Search Your Life!

Examine your life for the qualities of good citizenship. Firstly — honesty. Are you honest with yourself, your family, the people around you? In everything?

Do you respect the laws — the laws which guard our free life in this smiling land?

Your courage, moral and physical — is it complete? From women, moral courage is so important — to stick to what is right without weakening in the face of loud argument.

Have you discipline? Not blind obedience, but voluntary discipline, the will to "do as you would be done by."

Are you tolerant? Tolerance is of such importance. Recognition of the rights of others is at the foundation of democracy and Christianity.

Finally, are you a member of a team? Team work begins in the home. The family that co-operates within itself, in turn co-operates with its neighbors, City, State and Nation.

Help to Influence Others

If you do these good things you will help to influence your husband and family to practise them too and become better citizens. In the words of "The Call's" new poster: "Lend a Hand, Mate — Better Citizens will make Australia Stronger."

"We remind all Australians that we are members one of another, dependent even for our daily bread on the work of many. From the community we have our livelihood, culture, protection in a reign of law. To the community we owe a just return of loyalty and service." THE CALL.

DIONNES COME OF AGE



MRS. DIONNE AND HER QUINTUPLETS, photographed shortly after news of their birth on May 28, 1934, had caused a world sensation. They were born in the Dionnes' humble wooden farmhouse in Callander, a small village in the Province of Ontario, Canada. The babies' mother, Elzire, was aged twenty-five at the time of their birth.



PAPA DIONNE gets an enthusiastic reception from his little daughters when he pays them a visit in 1941. The little girls, then aged seven, were living in a separate home. From left are Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile, Marie, and Annette.

ON May 28 this year four of the most famous girls in the world — Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, and Marie, the surviving Dionne quintuplets — will celebrate their 21st birthdays.

At the same time they will assume control of a fortune of more than 1,000,000 dollars (about £A446,000), accrued over the years from advertising, film appearances, and newspaper and newsreel contracts.

Most of the money is invested in Government bonds.

On reaching their majority the four sisters must decide, among other matters, who is to receive the portion of the fund left by their dead sister, Emilie.

It is generally believed that the fifth share will be split up among the girls' parents and their brothers and sisters. It is also expected that Oliva Dionne, their father and legal guardian by an Act of Parliament, will be asked to continue as their financial adviser.

So far, no plans for their birthday celebrations have been announced. But, whether they gather privately or pub-

Shy, introverted, and overshadowed by sister Emilie's death, they face the future with uncertainty

• This is the story of an unusual coming-of-age — that of the surviving Dionne quintuplets. The circumstances of their birth brought them fame and wealth, but has it brought happiness? Now they are grown up they may be able to find it for themselves.

lily, the event is bound to be overshadowed by the tragic death last August of their sister Emilie.

Emilie, a victim of epilepsy since she was three, died in a Catholic hostel in the Laurentian Hills, Quebec.

She was buried in a bushland grave at Corbeil, near her home in the Canadian village of Callander.

Today, on the eve of the girls' 21st birthday, the question in the minds of most people is: What does the future hold for the four surviving sisters?

Held in trust

THE money held in trust for them will certainly make them independent financially. But what use they make of it in their adult lives remains to be seen.

On the surface it would appear that they face an uncertain adult life.

They are introverts, with few friends outside their immediate family group, none of the famous sisters has ever gone out with a boy, visited the movies with friends of their own age, or attended informal teenage parties.

Thrust into the world's spotlight by a freakish trick of nature, their early lives were surrounded by a blaze of publicity.

Then suddenly in 1944 the spotlight faded, and, except on birthdays and rare occasions, they lived the latter half of their lives in comparative obscurity.

Living a hermit-like existence together, the Dionne quintuplets were never separated until Marie decided to enter a convent in 1953.

Marie, who was the smallest at birth, entered the order of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament in Quebec City.

However, after eight months of homesickness and loneliness for the other quintuplets, to whom she was bound so closely, she returned home — only a few months before Emilie's death.

On the day she left the convent, confirming the belief that the sisters could not live apart, her sister Emilie was found wandering in a dazed condition in a Montreal street.

Lost and bewildered, Emilie told police she was on her way to meet her sister.

Four months later she was dead.

The future of the four sisters is a source of worry to their parents, Oliva Dionne, the French-Canadian farmer, and his shy, retiring wife, Elzire, who fought bitterly for years to regain custody of the children.

Nearly 21 years ago, on May 28, this quiet farming couple were as surprised and startled as the outside world at the birth of their quintuplet daughters.

On that day, Mrs. Dionne, already the mother of six children, one of whom died, called a midwife, expecting a normal birth.

When the first baby had been delivered and more appeared to be on the way, the midwife called Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the local white-haired doctor, who subsequently leapt to fame as the Quins physician.

The five babies, who looked so much alike that they couldn't be told apart except by the identification discs they wore, weighed only a total of 10lb. at birth.

Dr. Dafoe worked untiringly to keep the Quins and their mother alive after the birth.

He continued to look after them until 1942, when he resigned as their physician after years of stormy argument with the parents over the control and supervision of the children.

Believed to have been devoted to the Quins, he died,

brokenhearted, about a year later.

As soon as news of the birth of the quintuplets leaked out through their uncle's inquiry as to "cost of inserting a five-in-one newspaper birth notice," the modest farmhouse in which the Dionne family lived was besieged by hordes of curious spectators.

Many tried to cash in on the strange birth. Among the offers the Dionne parents received was one from a promoter wanting to exhibit the babies in the 1934 Chicago World's Fair.

Oliva Dionne actually signed a contract with the promoter, Ivan Spears, but news of this roused public indignation to such an extent that the Ontario Provincial Government intervened.

New guardians

IN July, 1934, the Dionne parents signed a document handing over the guardianship of the quintuplets to a board of guardians, of which Dr. Dafoe was a member.

The board was entrusted with the welfare of the babies, and in September they were moved to a special hospital built near the Dionne home.

A year later, in her own story published in The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Dionne told the reasons which drove her husband into signing the contract with Spears.

She said that originally Oliva Dionne wanted nothing to do with Spears' proposition.

"Yet, after he had told me of the proposition," she said, "I realised that my husband was frantic with worry over finances."

"I knew he was wondering how we, in our reduced circumstances, could find the wherewithal to take care of 10 children, the five older ones and the five delicate little ones — especially the little ones."

"The thought of exhibiting the babies was abhorrent to Oliva. On the other hand, the realisation that he was unable to give them the expensive care we both knew they would require was maddening."

"After a lengthy conversation with Father Routhier, our parish priest and spiritual adviser, and after a night of wrestling with our financial problem, which seemed beyond all solving, Oliva set out to sign the contract."

Until 1942, when the sole guardianship of the Quins was restored to Oliva Dionne, the five sisters lived an unreal life.

After they had been in-



CHRISTMAS AT HOME for the quintuplets with their parents and all their brothers and sisters in 1943. In the front row are (from left) Annette, Cecile, Marie, Emilie, and Yvonne, Daniel, aged 11, Pauline, 10, Mrs. Dionne, then 34, Victor, the baby, aged 5, Oliva, jun., 7. In the back row, Mr. Dionne, then 39, Therese, 14, Rose, 15, and Ernest, 17.

Million dollars for famous sisters



DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE, white-haired local doctor, who was called by the midwife to assist at the birth of the Quins and who subsequently became world-famous as their physician. He continued to look after them until 1942.

stalled in the hospital, contact with their parents and brothers and sisters was confined to casual visits.

Writing of this period, Elsie Dionne recalled the day of the Quins' first birthday.

"On that day my grief was overwhelming," she wrote. "As I looked through my window I could see cars filled with personages, dignitaries on their way to the Dafoe Hospital to the first anniversary celebration in honor of my babies."

"But, grand as the occasion was, I, the mother of the 'one-year-olds', could not attend it. Not because I hadn't been invited by the Ontario authorities who were keeping the babies from me, for I had.

"But, in the circumstances, how could I have accepted it? A 'formal invitation' to attend a birthday party given for my own children."

Mrs. Dionne spoke frequently of the joy, tinged with sadness, that the visits to their babies brought to herself and Oliva Dionne.

Later, Elzire Dionne was to write bitterly: "Victims of the fame that has been forced upon us, that's what we are—the parents, the brothers, and sisters of the quintuplets!"

Tourists from all over the world flocked to the small Canadian village of Callander to watch the sisters playing in a special wire-and-glass-enclosure.

Visitors could see through the screen, but it was impossible for the babies to see outside.

A "timetable" erected outside the hospital grounds announced the hours the Quins would be "on show."

Their lives were certainly in marked contrast to the Dileggi quintuplets of Argentina, who will be 12 on July 5.

When these quintuplets—three girls and two boys—were born, the parents determined to avoid the precedent set by the Dionne Quins and arranged to send their children to five different schools.

"Don't coddle children if

you want them to grow up strong and healthy," is the advice of their father, Senor Franco Dileggi.

But he has found it comparatively easy to bring his children up normally. He is an Argentine millionaire, and has the wealth needed to obviate exploitation of the quintuplets.

The Dionne Quins, partly as a result of their parents' poverty, were denied the normal lives of other children.

They were made wards of the late King George VI, and left their home for the first time in 1939 to meet the King and the Queen, now the Queen Mother, on the Royal couple's tour of Canada.

They were educated privately in a special school run for them in their hospital-nursery by Catholic nuns.

Hand picked

THIS private education continued throughout their school lives. It was relieved only in the last five years of schooling by the addition of 10 hand-picked girls.

This segregation from other playmates caused the late Dr. Alfred Adler, world-famous psychologist, to warn: "The Dionne quintuplets should find playmates outside; they should have frequent contacts with their brothers and elder sisters, and as little fuss as possible should be made about the fact that they are quintuplets."

"Psychologically, the separation from their family is not an asset for the quintuplets."

The Dionnes are the poor relations of the rich quintuplets. The conflict between parental authority and the authority of their guardians may also induce emotional disturbances in the future."

However, the Quins continued to be separated from their parents until their ninth year, when overnight the Quins were removed from the world spotlight.

Oliva Dionne had won his long fight to regain custody of his children.

The daily performances for



IN THE COOKERY CLASS at their private school, Villa Notre Dame, at Nicolet, Quebec, the girls show the cake they have made. It is held by Cecile, and the others are, from left, Emilie, Yvonne, Marie, and Annette. The picture was taken in 1953, a month before their nineteenth birthday. When the four surviving Quins become twenty-one on May 28 they must decide how they will administer their one-million dollar fortune, most of which is invested in bonds.

the tourists were abolished and the children moved into a mansion built for them near the farmhouse in which they were born.

No information has ever been given on the effect the reunion had on both parents and children.

Oliva and Elzire must have felt a little shy with their children, and perhaps awed by their fame and riches. Certainly, those long years of separation must have left their mark.

From the time the Quins moved into the mansion and began leading an ordinary family life for the first time, they had very little publicity.

The death of Emilie once more brought the Quins dramatically before the public.

And one month after Emilie's death an announcement was made that the four surviving sisters would begin studying for new careers.

Marie and Annette registered for studies at the Marguerite Bourgeoys College. Marie started to study French literature and sewing, and Annette music.

Marie recently gave up her studies to return home to Callander to be with her ailing mother.

Cecile and Yvonne began training as nurses at Notre Dame de l'Esperance Hospital in the Ville St. Laurent.

Cecile and Yvonne, who are working 12 hours a day at their nursing, said their large inheritance would make no difference to their plans.

"We have two more years of study here which we intend to complete," Yvonne said. "That is our chief interest. I do not know what I will do with my share of the money. I am not interested in it now."

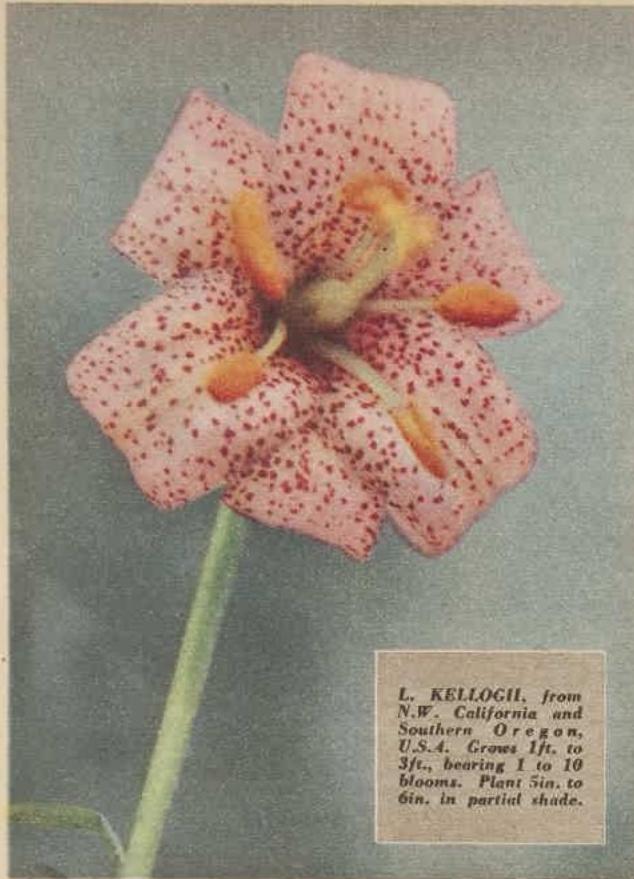


MEETING ROYALTY. The Quins and their parents line up at North Bay, Ontario, to meet the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Edinburgh during the Royal visit to Canada in 1951. From left, Yvonne, Annette, Emilie, Marie, and Cecile.



DEATH OF EMILIE. The four surviving Quins, from left, Cecile, Marie, Yvonne, and Annette, gather round the bier of their sister Emilie with sorrowful faces to say farewell before the funeral last August. Emilie was an epileptic since she was aged three.

Lilies



L. KELLOGII, from
N.W. California and
Southern Oregon,
U.S.A. Grows 1ft. to
3ft., bearing 1 to 10
blooms. Plant 5in. to
6in. in partial shade.



L. MARTAGON ALBUM (left)
has white flowers 1in. to 1½in.
across. Grows 1ft. to 5ft. high.
Plant bulbs 4in. to 5in. deep.



L. NEPALENSE (above) from Nepal in the Himalayas. Height 2ft. to 3ft. Plant 6in. deep in partial shade. This lovely lily is easy to grow but difficult to get to bloom as it seems to pine for its mountain home.



L. VIRGINALE from Japan, a
pure white auratum which is per-
fect in form. Grows to 10ft. with
dozens of blooms. Plant 6in.



L. WARDII is a recently dis-
covered lily from Assam. It grows
up to 4ft. high with up to 24
blooms, which are rose in color.

Few plants add more beauty to a garden than lilies in flower. About ten years ago there were only a few species commonly grown in Australian gardens — November, tiger, and regal lilies.

THESE beautiful species are still greatly prized, but today, thanks to the work of plant breeders in developing lilies, there is a wide variety of magnificently colored ones in many different forms.

Lilies fall into five different groups:

- Flowers usually trumpet shaped, mostly white and horizontal, e.g., *L. regale*, *L. Formosanum*.

- Flowers bowl or open funnel shaped; petals broad below the middle, flowers horizontal normally, e.g., *L. auratum*.

- Flowers erect and wide open, mostly red or orange, e.g., *L. elegans*, *L. croceum*.

- Flowers pendulous and nodding; petals strongly reflexed; considerable range of colors from white and yellow through red to dark purple, e.g., *L. pardalinum*, *L. Willmottiae*.

- A group belonging to a different sub-genus and characterised by huge heart-shaped leaves and bulbs which die after flowering, producing offsets. Flowers narrow, funnel shaped, e.g., *L. giganteum*, *L. cordatum*. Lilies are not hard to grow provided the bed is well drained, well enriched with humus,

and well watered in dry weather. Partial shade is best for most species.

Before planting, dig the soil well and often to bring it to good tilth. Dig six inches below the depth required by the bulb to encourage good root development.

Autumn and early winter is the time to plant bulbs, which are then as dormant as they will ever be. Planting should be done as soon as possible after the leaves die off.

The right depth also varies according to the variety. It should be checked from reliable catalogues or from nurserymen when the bulbs are bought. Even recommended depths will need adjusting if the subsoil is shallow.

Space small varieties about one foot apart, increasing to 18 inches for large ones.

Most specialists recommend enveloping the bulb in sharp sand to assist drainage. Mark with a stake.

Leave the bulbs alone while they are doing well. However, when flowers start to deteriorate in quality and quantity dig the bulbs, separate them, and replant.

The pictures on this page were taken at the home of Mr. C. Smith, of Winston Ave., Earlwood, N.S.W.

GARDENING



L. AURATUM (top bloom), Japan, grows 5-7 ft., bears up to 23 blooms. *L. auratum* hybrid, *Lavender Lady* (bottom bloom). *L. speciosum album notum* from Formosa (right). Grows 3 ft. to 4 ft. Plant all 6 in.



L. TESTACEUM (left) is one of the best hybrids. Grows 4 ft. to 6 ft. bearing 3 in. blooms. Plant 3-4 ft. in sun or partial shade.



L. MARHAN VAR. *G. F. WILSON*, one of the many crosses between the various Martagon and Hansonii. Petals reflexed.

L. COOLHURST HYBRID, an upright lily in orange shades. Original parents, *Liliums croceum*, *dauricum* and *maculatum*.



ON THE STEPS of the Tivoli Theatre at the first night of "The Merchant of Venice" are the Vice-President of the Executive Council, Sir Eric Harrison, and Lady Harrison. Lady Harrison wore an ermine stole with her black gown.



WED IN LONDON. Mr. and Mrs. James Emery Taylor leave Priory Church, Smithfield. The bride, who was Diana Cross, daughter of the Governor of Tasmania, Sir Ronald Cross, and Lady Cross, was married in the same gown that her grandmother wore to court in London half a century ago. The dress was of cream parchment satin.



COMMITTEE MEMBERS Mrs. Ben Wall (left), Mrs. Colin Galbraith (at back), and Mrs. Max Sturzen are helping to arrange the Pied Piper Ball at Prince's on June 24 in aid of the Mosman Spastic Centre.



PRIME MINISTER'S DAUGHTER Heather Menzies (right) with Margot Krohn (left) and Mrs. Donald Shiel at a party given by Joan Wardrop for Heather, who will marry Peter Henderson in Canberra on May 28.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

A BIG crowd waited till after midnight to cheer and congratulate Old Vic stars Katharine Hepburn and Robert Helpmann as they left the Tivoli Theatre after the first night of "The Merchant of Venice."

Katharine Hepburn's drifting-skirted costumes brought forth admiring comment. The costumes contrasted with her usual garb of a slack suit, which she again wore when leaving the theatre.

Among the audience, Mrs. Dick Opie was striking in a short H-line dress of tangerine velvet, and velvet was a popular choice for the chilly night. Romayne Hordern wore it, too . . . a long, off-the-shoulder mulberry gown.

After the performance the company gathered backstage for a "nightcap" and to toast their success . . . and they were joined by Robert Helpmann's mother, Mrs. M. Helpmann, and his sister Sheila.

ONE of recently returned Judy Hall's most vivid memories of her five years' stay overseas was her day's visit to a salt mine at Salzburg, in Austria. "We slid down wooden shutters from one gallery to the next," she told me, "and rowed on a raft across one of the mine's side lakes."

A BRAND-NEW nephew — David, month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Este, of Highgate, London — was waiting to greet Judythe Este when she arrived in England last week. Judythe, who is the daughter of Mrs. Este, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. W. E. Este, will marry Dr. Alan Bull at the Congregational Church, Wembley Park, on June 18. Dr. Bull is the son of Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Bull, of Avalon.

FOR "something old," Ruth Hopkins will wear a pearl pendant that belonged to her grandmother when she marries Lionel Lovell at St. Albans, Epping, on June 4. Ruth is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hopkins, of Epping.

A FLAT in Kensington, London, is ready for Bridge Pennefather, of Armidale, and Sue Siddins, of Weemah, who will arrive in England on June 11 in the Otranto. They'll be away for 18 months.

DATES for your diary . . . May 20, for the ex-students' reunion dance at the Women's College, Sydney University. Proceeds will go to the Building Appeal Fund to complete extensions to the College . . . May 27, for the Gunner Ball at Victoria Barracks, when the Governor, Sir John Northcott, will be guest of honor.



FROM MELBOURNE. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tait flew here for the first night of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Tivoli Theatre. An opera coat of black delustered satin covered Mrs. Tait's A-line dress of bronze-gold taffeta.



YOUNG THEATREGOERS Pat Russell, of Potts Point, and Bill Diffort, of Bellevue Hill, in the Tivoli Theatre foyer at the opening night of "The Merchant of Venice," which began the Old Vic Company's season in Sydney.

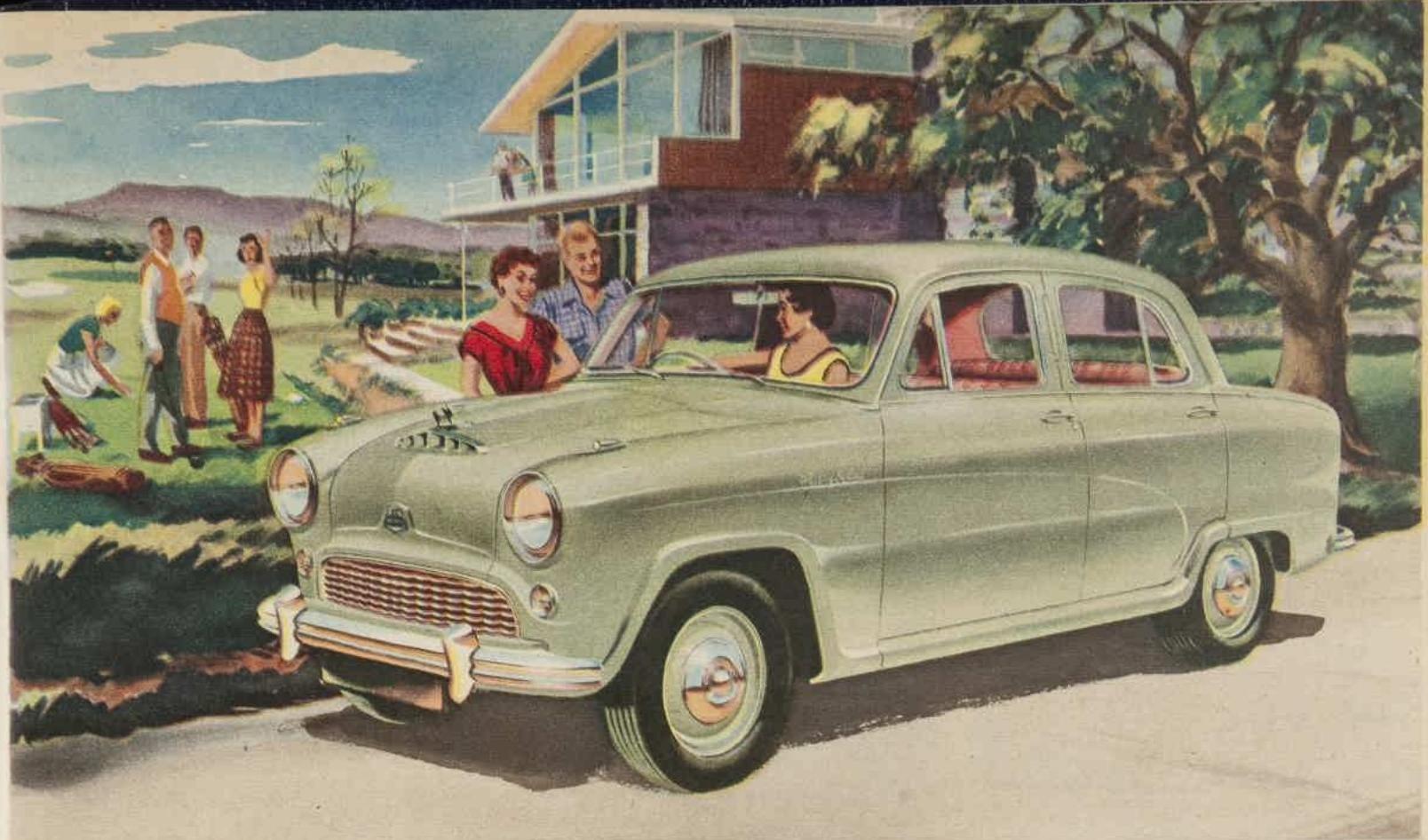


GUESTS-OF-HONOR Sir Russell Brain, President of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and Lady Brain (left) with Mrs. C. G. McDonald, who gave a dinner party for them at the Australian Club. Dr. McDonald is President of Royal Australasian College of Physicians.

DO you want to see American film star Bob Hope? There'll be a wonderful opportunity at the Prince Edward Theatre on June 1, for he's making a personal appearance at the world premiere of "The Seven Little Foys." All proceeds (seats range in price from £10 to £1) are for the Mosman Spastic Centre, Sydney.

COCKTAIL party at Mr. and Mrs. S. Berkman's Point Piper home on June 11 will celebrate the just-announced engagement of their daughter Diana to Lloyd Martin. Lloyd is the son of Mr. and Mrs. David N. Martin, of Point Piper, and he and Diana are planning to marry next year.

Anne



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BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do aching backsaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to listless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—of Dean's Backache-Kidney Pills. Dean's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

Two weddings in
early morning

2.10 a.m.



JOAN CRAWFORD, 47, and Alfred N. Steele, 54, married at 2.10 in the morning, cut the cake which was on hand for the impromptu marriage.



BLACK SATIN evening gown, slit to the top of her stockings, is part of the Crawford travelling wardrobe of seven trunks of American-designed clothes. Miss Crawford does not like French designs.

CRAWFORD ELOPES



SOFT-DRINK TYCOON Alfred N. Steele, president of the Pepsi-Cola company, who has had two other wives besides Miss Crawford. Claiming that she now feels like a schoolgirl, Miss Crawford describes her husband simply: "He is the greatest man who ever lived," she said.

Four newlyweds have between them contracted 11 marriages

Joan Crawford, wed for the fourth time after an early morning plane ride with soft-drink magnate Alfred N. Steele, wants to go to Capri for a six weeks' honeymoon. Orson Welles, ex-Wonder Boy of Movies, who married 24-year-old Italian actress Paola Mori at breakfast time on a Sunday morning, has taken his bride to France.

BETWEEN them, these four matrimonial adventurers have scored up a total of 11 marriages.

What is surprising Miss Crawford's Hollywood friends, who are surprised, anyway, at her "elopement," is that she is thinking of flying to Capri, reports Michael Ramsden, of our New York staff.

Before she took off from Hollywood for the Nevada Desert resort city of Las Vegas in Mr. Steele's private airliner she'd never been up in a plane. Now her ideas about flying have changed.

Miss Crawford confided that Mr. Steele had held her in his arms as the plane went up to 11,000 feet to get over the San Gabriel Mountains.

"The moon shone on the wings of the plane," she sighed. "I may never travel any other way now."

The decision to fly came quickly. Miss Crawford and Steele were having dinner together at Romanoff's when he suggested it, and they hurried off without telling any of her film-star friends in the night-spot.

So sudden was the plan, they said, that Steele could not locate the co-pilot of his private plane, although the pilot was available. The bridegroom telephoned American Airlines and hired a co-pilot.

"We were just sitting around and talking about how happy we were," Miss Crawford related, "when suddenly Al said, 'Let's fly to Las Vegas and get married tonight!'"

"I said, 'All right; let's go.' It was as simple as that."

She agreed the wedding was a surprise. "But not to us," she added. "It was a surprise to everyone but us."

The plane landed at Las Vegas in the early hours of May 10, and the couple drove to the plush Flamingo Hotel.

Champagne

STEELE routed a florist out of bed and asked him to supply some flowers, and then woke up Municipal Court Judge John Mendoza and asked him to come and perform the ceremony in the hotel's penthouse.

A sleepy clerk, who in the meantime issued the marriage licence shortly before 2 a.m., said Miss Crawford was "perfectly beautiful." The marriage took place about 2.10 a.m. A champagne breakfast followed.

Thus the 47-year-old Miss Crawford, whose 30 years in films have made her unofficial "Queen" in Hollywood, was wedded.

She is now 54-year-old Steele's third wife. He is her fourth husband. Her three previous marriages—to actors Douglas Fairbanks, junior,

Franchot Tone, and Philip Terry—ended in divorce. (The last, to Terry, broke up in 1946.)

But she called her new husband "the greatest man who ever lived."

"You know," she said, laughing, "he has to be good to get me up in an aeroplane."

Newsmen were telephoning the Flamingo's bridal suite early in the morning to ask if they could take pictures of the couple.

"Heavens, no," said the bride. "You know me. I don't pose in the morning in an evening gown unless the script calls for it."

She explained that a gown was the only clothing she had brought with her on the spur-of-the-moment flight from Hollywood.

"We didn't even have time to pick up a toothbrush," she said. "I arrived without a compact or lipstick or anything. I even had to borrow a wedding ring and a nightie."

Her wedding dress, as she revealed later, was a black silk evening gown interwoven with gold thread. She also wore an orchid and a fur stole.

Mr. Steele had a thoughtful friend to thank for the wedding ring. Mr. Ben Goffstein, a Las Vegas hotel man who was in Europe recently with him, produced it. It is platinum with six diamonds.

Said Goffstein, after he'd

...ORSON MARRIES ITALIAN

8.30 a.m.



WIFE No. 2: Orson Welles (above) and his second wife, Rita Hayworth, in Hollywood, not long after their wedding nearly 12 years ago. The 6ft. 3in. actor was then called the Wonder Boy of the Movies.



WIFE No. 3: Orson Welles and Italian actress Paola Mori, after their wedding at Caxton Hall registry office, London, this month. Welles' best film role of recent years was "The Third Man."

been summoned to the ceremony as best man. "I felt something was imminent, so I bought the wedding ring — just in case."

Miss Crawford wasn't sure how long it would take her to finish her current picture, "The Queen Bee," at Columbia.

The Oscar-winning actress disclosed she and Steele had intended to marry "some time" after the new movie was completed.

She had also told her adopted children just a few days ago that she might come home soon with a new father.

"They were all very happy about it. I'm dying to get back to them," she said.

Of her new husband, she said: "I'm going to make him the best wife in the world. I'm the happiest woman alive.

"I feel," she added, "like a schoolgirl again."

Mr. Steele had this to say: "She is the most wonderful wife any man could have. I love her very much."

He said he had known her for nearly three years and knew he was going to marry her.

But the gossip columnists were unaware she had eloped. That night they were expecting her (she seldom misses premieres) to show up at the opening of a new play in Hollywood in which ex-husband Franchot Tone was starring.

Mr. Steele, who was a vice-president of the Coca-Cola Company before he joined Pepsi-Cola, has two children.

He has a boy, Sonny, aged five, by his second wife, Lillian, with whom the child lives in New York.

He also has a daughter by his first wife, Marjorie, whom he divorced in Las Vegas eight years ago. Their child, Sally, is now 22 and in Paris.

Miss Crawford has four in her adopted family: Twins Cathy and Cynthia, aged eight, Christopher, 12, and Christina, 14.

Around Las Vegas, where competition among the fabulous hotels is hotter than the desert weather, some hotel owners might easily have felt a little sour about the wedding.

ORSON WELLES ran true to form by being "difficult" when he married Paola Mori in London, cabled Anne Matheson. He gave only 90 minutes' notice for the ceremony . . . and on a Sunday morning.

"The Third Man" got everyone concerned out of bed early on their day of rest for his third marriage.

The Caxton Hall registrar who pronounced them man



**REBECCA HAYWORTH
WELLES**

... like Daddy

and wife missed his Sunday dinner as well as his Sunday morning golf. He lives in the country and brought his wife to London for the ceremony.

The witnesses: producer Peter Brook and his actress wife, Natasha Parry, who like their Sunday mornings undisturbed—it's the only day stage people have to themselves — were up and about and on their way to Westminster at an hour not much later than their usual one for retiring.

Earliest riser of the wedding party was Paola. She rang the registrar, William Prince, at his country home just before 7 a.m.

"Please," she said in her husky voice and accented English, "we want to get married at 8.30. It's sudden, but can you marry us?"

Prince both could and would.

The 40-year-old bridegroom wore brown tweeds. The bride wore a grey suit.

"This is just how I wanted the wedding," Welles told the registrar. After that remark he kissed his bride.

Orson and Paola took the maximum precautions against fans and fuss. They slipped in and out a side door, but there were no fans to dodge and only a sprinkling of Press.

Giving the slip to fans who were still having a Sunday morning lase seemed to oblige the newlyweds.

As they left the registry office Orson announced, "I must take my darling into the country. The place is a secret."

They left by car. At Kensington the car stopped and a taxi drew up. Paola jumped out of the car into the taxi and was driven off. Orson was driven away in the car in the opposite direction.

That was so no one would guess where they were going for their one-day honeymoon.

Most of these plans were worked out by Mr. Welles but were carried out by Mrs. Welles.

When the wedding was announced Paola promised she would organise it for her husband. She did. She organised the whole day, the date, the friends, and the likes of the valley — favorite wedding flowers of Italian brides—that filled the quiet little room at Caxton Hall.

Mrs. Welles claims she understands her husband. She knows about his being called moody, erratic—a genius, but difficult—and says she knows how to handle such a genius.

When she married him she said she would organise him, help him, and understand him.

Paola and Orson claim they understand each other so well that they can sit quietly and perfectly happy together in a restaurant, saying nothing.

"It is contentment, not boredom," Mrs. Welles says.

Paola says she really loves to act with Orson. She did in

his film "Arkadin." "But I married the man, not the actor," she added.

The newlyweds left London for Paris, then went to Perpignan.

"It will not be all honeymoon; I have to work," said Orson. "I'm preparing a couple of TV programmes. It's a pity, but Paola will get used to that."

Paola merely smiled at this.

They met in Rome three years ago and he proposed to her in Madrid last year. They kept the secret until a week before their marriage.

Orson's ideals

ORSON WELLES married Rita Hayworth, his second wife, in 1943, and the marriage was dissolved four years later. His first wife was Virginia Nicolson. They were divorced in 1938.

When he married Paola he said, "I take marriage seriously. I'm not happy about divorce. That's why I've kept myself out of marriage until now."

He is certain this third marriage is going to last.

"She can cope with me, and that takes some doing," he said.

Paola has other plans for making the marriage last.

"I would like a second ceremony in church — maybe in Rome so that my mother could be there to see it," she said.

Paola, sometimes spelt Paoula (you pronounce it pow-a-lah), speaks fluent English. She is tall and very pretty, with luxuriant, dark hair and deep, expressive eyes. She has a little-girl way of shrugging and running her fingers through her hair, which ripples round her shoulders.

She doesn't use her title of Countess di Girfalco, dresses in very casual clothes, rarely, if ever, wears a hat, and is unconventional in many ways, even to not bothering about an engagement ring.

"What matters is the marriage," she said when announcing her engagement. "Rings can come later."

Even before 25

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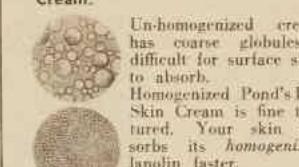


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Page 27

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2/1

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NYAL Baby Cough Syrup	2/9	NYAL Eardrops	2/9
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NYAL Chest Rub	3/-	NYAL Fijian (Regular)	2 1/2
NYAL Children's Paint	2/9	NYAL Fijian (Double Strength)	3/6
NYAL Children's Cough Mixture	2/9	NYAL Toothache Drops	2 1/2
NYAL Cough Mixture	4/3	NYAL White Liniment	2 1/2
NYAL Creosol	3/9, 6/3	NYAL Zinc Cream (jars or tubes)	2 1/2
NYAL Croop Ointment	2/9		
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 25, 1955

Seagulls Ashore

Every winter sea-gulls appear in Zurich, Switzerland, vanishing three months later. Nobody knows where they come from or where they go when they leave.

SWOOPING on crumbs thrown to them, the gulls fill the air with fluttering wings, which make beautiful patterns in the sky.

IT'S ON! Air-combat tactics are brought into full play as a crumb falls towards the ground.

INTERCEPTION. Two gulls close in on the bird flying off with the coveted morsel.



FOILED. Four unlucky sky-raiders. The gulls leave when the swallows return in spring.



WINTER DOINGS

IN *Fiesta*

by Candy Wilson



Cocktail party at the Murrays. Janice rang today to ask us to meet the new corporation manager from the States. My brain's been whizzing ever since working out variations for my "once again" black dress. The deep bib of golden coins that John brought me from Cairo, I think. With not another color touch in sight — except a pair of "Moonbeam" 12 denier Fiestas, and shoe-string sandals. There's such subtlety about the color of the new Fiesta Pastel nylons — and they are so heavenly fine. Surprisingly tough, too — I've worn one pair for months.

should remember. Their fit is so perfect, I don't strain them when I bend.



Races! There's nothing I like better than a race meeting — as much, I admit it, for watching the fashion parade as for the horses. This time I refuse to be harrassed into competing — I'll wear a grey suit — a becoming but not excessive hat, and neutral Fiesta 15 deniers. Actually, 15 deniers are my favourites for day wear — fine and elegant.



My birthday. Dinner and the theatre — after a day doing good works for the Red Cross. Still I can work a quick switch with accessories. Let's hope this birthday everyone remembers that what I like best of all is *Fiesta* nylons. Heaven knows I talk about their virtues enough they

Polocrosse match — me for the sidelines. Tweeds, topcoat — muffler and heavy gloves — they're for me this Saturday. And 30 denier Fiesta nylons. I could laugh when I see women in party nylons with an outdoorsy get-up. The heavier deniers look so much more in keeping with this weather — and there's no doubt they're wizards for wear. I wear 30 denier Fiestas at home and on any but dressy occasions.

Signed: Candy Wilson

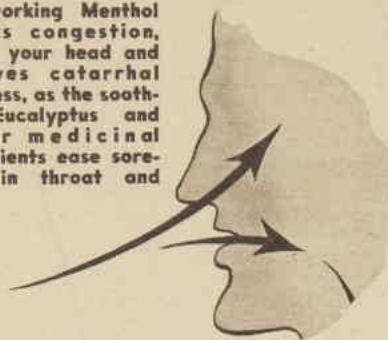
Fiesta NYLONS }

12 denier 66 gauge
15 denier 54 gauge
30 denier 54 gauge

F9

Chases your cold wherever it goes

Fast-working Menthol breaks congestion, clears your head and relieves catarrhal deafness, as the soothing Eucalyptus and other medicinal ingredients ease soreness in throat and chest.



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MENTHOL GUMS

EVERYTHING
WALCO MAKES
IS GOOD

HANDY
ROLL PACK.
6d.
EVERWHERE

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CONGESTION

WEI.

"They'll whisper about you!"

Perspiration
odours do
offend . . .

Play safe.
use
MUM

MUM Cream Deodorant with the miracle ingredient M3 eliminates perspiration odour by eliminating odour-forming bacteria. Mum will not harm or stain your clothing — nor will it irritate your skin. Mum is smooth, creamy, easy to apply; the instant touch gives you instant bath-to-bath protection.

It's not much use having brand new skates if nobody asks you to skate with them. What a pity she didn't spend that extra 30 seconds, making sure of her personal freshness.

Safeguard your personal freshness by always using a touch of Mum after your bath or shower, then you can be sure of social acceptance.

MUM keeps you nice to be near
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

M3-3-6/DC

Worth Reporting

A NEW ZEALAND woman enjoys a privilege many working women would give their eye-teeth for—being able to stand up in a roomful of Auckland's most respectable citizens, say what she thinks of her boss, and probably be applauded.

The lucky woman is Mrs. Agnes Dodds, 43-year-old Glasgow-born housewife, machinist, and member of the Auckland City Council. Her employer, the proprietor of a children's wear factory, is a fellow councillor.

"On weekdays I'm just another employee," Mrs. Dodds said, "but at council meetings I can say what's on my mind, and disagree with the boss as much as I like."

Mrs. Dodds' special concern in City Council affairs is housing. She is a member of the State Housing Commission's Allocation Committee, and estimates that in her four years on the Auckland Council she has helped house 4500 families.

"That's not a bad effort for one person," she added, "and I'm the only woman on the committee. Men don't have a clue about women and housing; they don't realise what it's like to have to raise a family in one room. Women know about these things, and that's why I think I've been useful on the council."

Mrs. Dodds' working day starts at 8 a.m., when she leaves home to go to the factory.

"I tear home at five p.m. after work to cook a meal, and then the phone starts ringing, the front-door bell starts ringing, and I begin to cope with people who have housing problems," she said.

"Sometimes they're sitting on my doorstep at 6 a.m., and some of them come to see me at work. The local police sergeant rings me up whenever he comes across someone with housing troubles. I was in hospital for a while last year, and the people came to my hospital bed to see me."

"When I first took up this work for the council," Mrs. Dodds added, "I used to go to bed and cry, worrying about the people."

"I can't be hard-hearted about people with troubles. They tell me about their problems and I can't help getting upset about them."

★ ★ ★
IN a chain store the other day we noted a nice differentiation between two types of cigarette-lighter. One line was labelled, "Lights in a storm, 2/9," the other, "Lights in a gale, 3/11."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



Movie-making in New Guinea

SHOOTING of the film "Walk Into Paradise" begins next month near Goroka, in the eastern highlands of New Guinea.

Actor Chips Rafferty and director Lee Robinson asked us along to a small party the other day to meet French producer Paul Edmond Decharme, with whom they have entered into a partnership.

"Walk Into Paradise" will be the first of two films to be made under this arrangement. It will be made in French and English.

Chips will play a patrol officer in the film. The other main roles will be taken by Reginald Lye, and two French players, Francoise Christophe and Pierre Cressoy.

Lee Robinson expects to be tri-lingual by the time the film is finished. He is studying French with gramophone records, and intends to perfect his pidgin as soon as he gets to New Guinea.

Chips' voice will be dubbed in for the French version. This is no novelty for Chips. In "The Overlanders" he spoke Chinese, among other languages.

Secret line for Royalty

LONDON artist Ulrica Forbes has had to go into hiding to escape the flock of visitors who have seen her drawing of Princess Anne at the Royal Academy.

"I don't want to be known," said the modest artist. "I only want my drawings of Princess Anne to be seen."

Miss Forbes' brother-in-law, Abe Blomberg, has been helping her to escape publicity.

Abe was the only person in Capetown who knew how the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, made her telephone calls from South Africa to Prince Philip," Ulrica said.

"He knew because they were made in the Lord Mayor's parlor. Abe had the secret line put through. He was the Lord Mayor."

Bongo drums from kangaroo skins

AUSTRALIAN kangaroo skins will be used to tap out a bongo beat when Betty Hutton's drummer, Remo Belli, returns to America.

As well as being a leading performer, Remo has a drumming business in Los Angeles called Drum City. He sells thousands of drum kits a year to American musicians.

Some of these kits are imported from England, Germany, and other parts of Europe, but Remo himself makes the South American types at his own factory.

"I'd never had a chance to try out kangaroo hides myself until I had a bash at some belonging to Australian musicians," said Remo. "As soon as I saw them I realised they'd be ideal for bongo drums."

"I shall take a few home to try out on various designs. If these are successful—and I'm sure they will be—then I'll be taking out regular orders."

BOOK NEWS

By Helen Frizzell

THE short stories of Australian writer Vance Palmer, collected under the title "Let the Birds Fly," will interest the reader who enjoys description and character study rather than the yarn with a plot and a snap ending.

One of the best stories in the collection is "The Silky Oak," which tells of Rosie Slater, the proud and educated daughter of a slatternly aboriginal family.

"Summer Picnic" and "The Catch" also repay reading.

Settings for the stories are nearly all Australian—from the canefields of Queensland to the forests of Victoria.

Mr. Palmer, who writes more convincingly of the country and of time past than he does of the city and of the present, is sometimes inclined to subordinate his characters to the scenery around them.

The chief quality his stories possess is sincerity. It is obvious that Mr. Palmer writes the truth as he sees it, and when he feels it most.

Published by Angus and Robertson. (Copy from the publishers.)



when you use quick-polishing Silvo which costs less and is safest for all silver

Liquid

SILVO
SILVER POLISH

The SECRET of a matchless, miracle complexion



Mercolized Wax Cream

THE IMPROVEMENT

ON FACE CREAM

Massage each night with Mercolized Wax instead of ordinary face cream. By morning, the miracle has begun—the miracle of a luring, lovable complexion. Use as a make-up base too.

GOING GREY? Tammalite restores the natural colour to grey hair. Use it regularly. Begin tonight! Mix chemicals well. Tammalite, but, if you have any difficulty in securing it, simply enclose 10/- and a brief note to Dearborn Pty. Ltd., C/o Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

for CUTS
and BRUISES

USE THE ONE AND ONLY SAFE EFFECTIVE

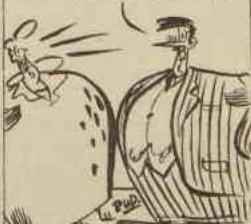


"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Con'd.

BY RUD

NO A TRAMP CAME IN TONIGHT FOR A MEAL AND HE STOLE IT!

GODNESS, THE POOR FELLOW!!!



A New Soup!



Try these other wonderful soups, too!

Perry's
CHICKEN & MUSHROOM

(real chicken and real mushrooms in one delicious cream soup!)

Perry's
PEA SOUP WITH ONION

(thick, flavoursome Pea Soup with a touch of tasty onion!)

A new nourishing
easy-to-make
VEGETABLE SOUP
with
**ALPHABET
NOODLES**

You like home-made soup, ma'am? Well, try this one! Perry's Vegetable Soup with Alphabet Noodles. Just the best-flavoured soup you've ever tasted! Rich, thick vegetable soup made from tasty meat stock... packed with fresh-picked carrots, parsnips, tomatoes, onions and celery to give real flavour! Prepared in 10 minutes... appetising... nourishing... full of wholesome egg noodles (the alphabet ones the kiddies love) and sheer, utter deliciousness. Economical, too—you get four to six generous serves from one packet. Try Perry's Vegetable Soup with Alphabet Noodles!

Perry's
VEGETABLE SOUP
with **ALPHABET NOODLES**

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT FROM THE FOOD DIVISION OF MYNOR

Mother!
**PLAYTIME IS
DIRT-DANGER TIME!**



**How SOLVOL protects
your child**

HANDS FILTHY
WITH GUTTER DIRT



30 SECONDS
AFTER USING SOLVOL . . .
CLEAN, HEALTHY HANDS



**Dirty hands
can be dangerous...**

Clean hands are healthy hands, say Health Authorities.



CLEANS DIRTY HANDS IN 30 SECONDS

S.185.WW102g

**WHY
WORRY!**

3
MONTHS
WEAR
OR A FREE PAIR

CANT-TEAR-'EM
WORK SHIRTS & TROUSERS

CT20-6

THIS IS ON ME

By Bob Hope

Hope's coming visit to Australia underlines the interest of his autobiography—a completely uninhibited, vigorous account of his varied career.

Price 15/- From all Booksellers

Page 32

£1000 QUESTION

**What makes a man an ideal
husband and father?**

**Answer this correctly and
win a sedan car**

- This week we launch a contest to decide the qualities which make a man an ideal husband and father. In the contest which has just closed, scores of thousands of readers selected the 12 qualities they think are essential in an ideal wife and mother.
- Prizes in this new contest will also be four streamlined Hillman Minx cars which, with registration and insurance for 12 months, are valued at more than £1000 each.

Save this coupon

EVERY member of the family can enter the quest. Husbands, wives, children, single men and women. All you have to do is to select the 12 qualities you think the most essential in a husband and father from a list of 32, four of which will be published each week.

For eight consecutive weeks, starting this week, we will print these qualities in coupon form. Keep the coupons until you have the whole 32, then select the 12 you consider the most important.

In the issue of July 13 we will print an entry form on which these qualities must be listed. Your entry, on this form, must be accompanied by the complete set of eight coupons. The final set of four qualities will appear in the issue of July 13.

The judges will not list their order of preference until after this date. Their lists will be computed on the same basis as the preferential-voting system to find the 12 most important qualities. These 12 will be the right answer.

Obviously women are the best judges of men. The panel will include housewives and mothers, career girls, professional women—a doctor and a lawyer and a marriage-guidance counsellor—all women.

If you want to cause diversion at a girls' party ask the company for their opinion of what characterizes the ideal man. The party won't run out of conversation for hours.

You can stimulate useful discussion in mixed groups, too . . . discussion which will help you make your selection by asking a few provocative questions—such as whether romantic qualities outbalance untidiness in the home or carelessness about money.

Because these qualities impinge on everyday life in most families, you will be surprised at the discussion and argument that ensues.

It is this human element,

What you have to do

1 Keep the coupon on this page listing the first four qualities, and keep all the other coupons as they appear.

2 Read the contest rules and keep them for reference. They may not be printed again, but each week a new coupon will be published.

3 When you have the eight coupons giving 32 qualities choose the 12 you think most important. Place these in order of importance and list on the entry form which will be published in the issue of July 13. Closing date for entries will be August 17.

CONTEST RULES

Keep this for reference

1. Each week for eight weeks, starting this week, The Australian Women's Weekly will publish a coupon listing four attributes of the ideal husband and father. There will be 32 qualities in all. Competitors must save these eight coupons and at the end select the 12 qualities they consider are most important. These 12 must be listed in order of preference on an entry form. One entry form will be published in our issue of July 13.
2. The prizes will be four Hillman Minx saloon cars, registered and insured for 12 months, and then valued at more than £1000 each.
3. There is no limit to the number of entries competitors can send in, but only one entry can be made on each official entry form. One set of eight coupons must be attached to each entry form.
4. If there are four competitors, all of whose entries (whether or not of equal merit) are adjudged to be of greater merit than any other entries, then each of these four will receive a Hillman Minx car.
5. If there are more than four competitors, all of whose entries are of equal
- merit and are adjudged the best, then an elimination contest will be devised to find the winners of the four cars.
6. If there are fewer than four competitors whose entries (whether or not of equal merit) are adjudged to be of greater merit than any other entries and if a number of those next in order of merit tie, then an elimination contest will be held for those next in order of merit.
7. No responsibility can be accepted for coupons delayed, lost, or mislaid before or after delivery. Mutilated or altered coupons may be disqualified.
8. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. or its associated companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.
9. Any competitor not observing the rules may be disqualified. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decision. The judges' decision as to the order of importance of the qualities shall be final. The decision of The Australian Women's Weekly in all other matters shall be final and legally binding.

EATING CAN BE A PROBLEM

1—MORGAN, at three, was a healthy, normal boy except in one respect—he wouldn't eat. Mealtimes often found him like this.



EATING rates high on the list of the pure and simple pleasures of life. Every mother wants to help her children experience that pleasure and to develop a firm association between food and enjoyment.

This is one reason why many doctors now advise feeding babies "on demand." A flexible plan of feeding a tiny baby when he's hungry preserves the link of food with pleasure. As food continues to give him pleasure and his attachment to those who give it grows strong, he becomes increasingly willing to accept the regular mealtime.

But it is not unusual to find that the time comes when the child's appetite slows down. If mothers aren't prepared for this, if they grow anxious and start putting on too much pressure, they can easily spoil the good beginning they have made.

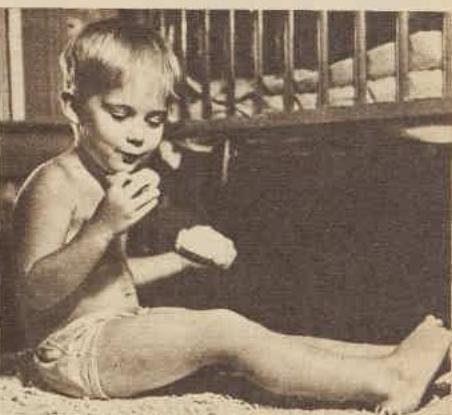
Mealtimes should be pleasant and satisfying. Fussing and wheedling do no good. Anxiety and nervous tension on the mother's part are quickly exploited by the child. But there's a world of difference between pressure and tactful encouragement.

What is needed is help that cheers a reluctant eater on to finish without spoiling the relaxed atmosphere of the meal. The dinner-table should be regarded as a pleasant place and not a battleground.

Copyright. From the book "Helping Your Child's Emotional Growth," by Anna W. M. Wolf and Suzanne Szasz. Published by Doubleday and Co. Inc., New York.



6—IMPRESSIONED by Mother's praise, Morgan tries some more. He finds it good and ends by licking the dish for the first time ever.



7—THE SANDWICH GAME is another variation he enjoys. Mother hides sandwiches which she and Morgan hunt for. Finder eats the sandwich.



2—Tears were common. Mother was worried and wisely decided to try new tactics about food and to avoid nagging.



3—MEAL PREPARATION became a game, with Morgan invited to help cook his breakfast eggs all for himself.



8—GRADUALLY, partly because of these games and partly because Mother is no longer nagging at him to "eat up" all through mealtimes, Morgan has grown to like food. He is still not a big eater, but he has enough to keep him healthy.



4—AFTER LADDLING the mixture into the pan all by himself, Morgan watches fascinated as the eggs cook on the stove.



5—TASTING is done first by Morgan, then by Mother, who shows all signs of loving his cooking when she samples it.

To keep hair
young and

Shining Clean

DON'T
SOAP IT!



Margaret Hibble

voted "Model of the Year" by Australia's leading artists. Margaret says, "We models know that washing one's hair with soap would never do! Hair should always look and feel shining clean. That means a weekly shampoo with 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo."

Shampoo each week with **Vaseline**



Look at that lather! Next weekend shampoo your hair with the same bubbling beauty rinse. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo foams up so quickly into a fast cleansing lather . . . then quickly rinses out all dirt and dandruff.

Every Saturday, is shampoo day for me — "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo", says Margaret. Once a week with this gentle shampoo and my hair is beautifully clean — ready for another full week's modelling."

TRADE MARK
Vaseline
BRAND

LIQUID SHAMPOO

Just "washing" your hair really isn't good enough. Soap leaves a dull veil over your hair — no matter how carefully you rinse. This weekend, SHAMPOO your hair! Use "Vaseline" Brand Liquid Shampoo — the super-soft shampoo with the gentle, instant lather. See your hair become suddenly

exciting . . . shining clean . . . alive with fresh, youthful beauty.

Next time — reach for "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo instead of the soap. Leave your hair cleaner — shining clean — and fresher than you've ever known it before. Perfect for oily, dry or water-fast dyed hair.

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., U.S.A.



In 2-oz. and 4-oz.
bottles and the
handy SNIP-PAK
at Chemists and Stores.

Kay Melaun
says:

Here's your answer

Many people request personal replies to their letters. Sorry, no personal replies are possible. Letters can be answered only through this page, but, if requested, names will not be published.

I AM 15 years old and know
I am too young to be seriously interested in boys. I am rather brainy and fond of learning. Because of this and the fact that I am not allowed to wear make-up, etc., the boys call me stuck-up, prig, etc., and seem to dislike me very much. I am wondering if you could help me as, like most other teenage girls, I do get crushes, but do not know what to do about it. I would like to be on better terms with boys."

No Name, Western Australia.

I don't think the boys dislike you. They're probably a bit jealous. Obviously, by the names they call you they think you're reserved and clever—perhaps better than they are. So they resent you and try to get back at you.

Does this make you feel any better about their attitude?

As for the teasing, as I've said before, the best way to get people to stop teasing is to smile and look as though you like it.

You're still a bit young to worry overmuch about getting on better terms with boys. Bookish people are often comparatively late developers in learning how to cope with boys. If you're still awkward in a year's time, that'll be soon enough to worry.

One last thought: Are you a stuck-up or a prig? Don't say crossly that of course you're not, without considering the question. I don't think you are. But make sure for yourself, just in case.

I AM having a teenage party and was wondering if you could tell me any indoor games we could play and how you play them as I do not want our party to be boring as was one I went to. The guests will all be about 18 years old."

B, Hay, N.S.W.

Girls' free trip to the U.S.

Land Rangers Heather McLean, of Sydney, and Coral Bowley, of Melbourne, will be unofficially representing Australia abroad for the next few months.

THE girls, both 18, were chosen to spend three months in the U.S.A. as guests of the American Girl Scouts. They will leave by plane next month.

Their fares and accommodation will be paid by the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund.

Each year, with the aim of



CORAL BOWLEY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 25, 1955

fostering international understanding, the Fund allows girls from other countries to visit America or Switzerland.

Heather has been connected with the Guide movement since she was seven.

She says the trip is "terrific," even though it means she must wait another year before beginning her Pharmacy studies at Sydney University.

"It's a pity," she said, "but I couldn't hope to catch up after I'd missed a term and a half of chemistry."

Coral Bowley is the daughter of Mrs. A. J. Winyard, of Box Hill, and the stepdaughter of Mr. Winyard.

She counts swimming, tennis, and ballroom dancing among her pastimes.

"I am reading all the books I can find about Australia," Coral said. "I know people will fire questions at us all through the trip."

"I have spent summer hol-



HEATHER MCLEAN

days on a sheep station at Euston, so know first-hand about kangaroos, emus, kookaburras, and sheep."

Since leaving boarding-school at Echuca, Victoria, Coral has done a shorthand and typing course and become an expert with ledger machines.

She is a field instructor demonstrating these machines.

Coral began guiding only four years ago.

"It was very lonely coming to the city when I left school," she said, "so I became a guide to make friends."

would be very grateful if you could send a personal reply."

—Valda, Queensland.

Even if I could send a personal reply to you I wouldn't give you the list of reasons. You must do your own thinking for these projects. There would be no point to them if you simply parroted someone else's ideas.

I AM a soldier serving in Korea I have been here for 11 months and I haven't received any mail. It would please me very much if you would publish this letter in the hope that someone might write to me. My age is 20.

5/2661, Private L. M. Whitley, 9 Pl., C Coy, 1 Bn., R.A.R., Korea. B.A.P.O.3.

Enid Davids, "White Haven," General Street, Capetown, South Africa, would like to correspond with a boy about 18-19 years of age. Her interests are sport, swimming, and reading. Jean Davids, of the same address, would like to correspond with boys and girls of about 18. Her interests are sport and reading.

DISC DIGEST

THE Lawson-Haggart Jazz Band, the nucleus of which came from Bob Crosby's Bobcats—a solid Dixieland set-up of the '30s—is undertaking a series of LP's reviving memories of such jazz immortals as King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, and Louis Armstrong. The first I've heard (3308-7522) is called "Louis' Hot 5's and 7's," which they call a reanimation of eight numbers either originated or made famous by those two Armstrong groups. This means that, although they're not slavish copies, they re-create the spirit of the tunes, but, frankly, I don't see the reason why. If you can't find original Hot 5's and 7's in the stores, you can discover them in second-hand places, but, in any case, it's my bet that they will eventually reappear on LP's, because many of them are undoubtedly the best jazz ever put on wax. In the meantime, the L-H band is well worth hearing in their versions of "Cornet Chop Suey," "Skin-Dat-De-Dat," "Potato Head Blues," "Gully Low Blues," "Heebie Jeebies," "Melancholy Blues," "Wild Man Blues," and "King of the Zulus." The introduction is spoken in that wonderful, furry, slurred voice of Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong himself.

CONNOISSEURS of singing will relish every minute of Victoria de Los Angeles' new LP (OBPLP.1037), which is Falla's "Seven Popular Spanish Songs" coupled with three songs of Granados and the beautiful "Clavelitos" (Carnations) by Valverde. The seven songs are genuine Spanish tunes, and, although I feel that Angeles lacks the earthy quality of Conchita Supervia, the new recording is a joy to listen to. Gerald Moore supplies the piano accompaniments.

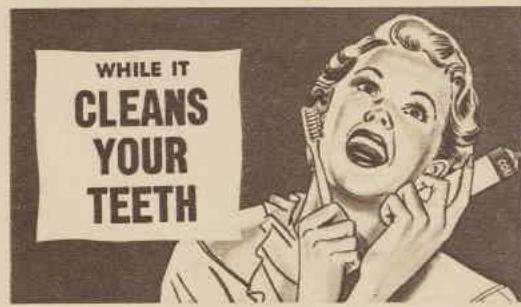
BERNARD FLETCHER.



JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH Colgate Dental Cream



CLEANS
YOUR
BREATH



WHILE IT
CLEANS
YOUR
TEETH

and stops tooth decay BEST!

Every time you brush your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream, you can actually feel how smooth and clean they are. Your teeth are whiter . . . brighter . . . and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes.

That's why Colgate Dental Cream is Australia's largest—America's largest—the world's largest selling dental cream.

Get the family economy size and save 1/5

MOS



WHY
WORRY!

£1,000
ACCIDENT
INSURANCE

when you buy and wear . . .

CAN'T TEAR 'EM
WORK SHIRTS & TROUSERS

SKIN ITCH STOPS IN 7 MINUTES

Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoilt your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now even children have the American Hospital Discovery called Nixiderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixiderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.

THE VETERANS

By
Eric Lambert

Lambert follows his successful TWENTY THOUSAND THIEVES with this story of Australian soldiers from the Middle East on leave in Sydney, and then fighting the terrible jungle war of New Guinea.

Powerful, moving, realistic.
Price 15/-
From all Booksellers

Page 35

FROM OUR ITALIAN COLLECTION



Page 36

• The elegance and high drama of the Italian collections to be shown at our Italian parades are illustrated by the pictures. At the gala Australian premiere on June 15, shown in conjunction with David Jones Ltd., at the Great Restaurant, no fewer than 96 models will be on stage. As well as the Sydney showings, the parades will be held in Wagga, Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth.



EMILIO OF CAPRI names the smooth-fitting sweater (left) "Mermaid." The yellow, blue, and pink stripes are accented with a black-banded wide-to-the-shoulder boat neckline. The slim pants are blue to match.

AFTERNOON DRESS (above) by Volpe of Rome. The dress is perfectly tailored in pale blue shantung with pleats at both sides of the skirt. Elegant white court shoes and a long red necklace complete the ensemble.

BOUCLE WOOL tangerine (right) of Rome is worn in deep-cropped. It is unfastened, but give a slender line with a chic round

LECTION

clothes
these
June 11,
their
renown.
given
Perth.



SUMMER SUIT (above) by Veneziani of Milan named "Pink Marble." The suit is made in pale pink linen, has a loose, fitted jacket and narrow skirt. The unusual wide collar is finely pleated white organza.

VENEZIANI design (right) named "Bali" consists of white satin calf-length pants and top lavishly embroidered in crystal beads. The lavish white chiffon drape may be worn as a stole (illustrated) or to give the effect of a harem skirt.



Red coat in
from Capucci
with a match-
ing hat. The coat
isably cut to
it is finished
fur collar.



wicker chair on the verandah. Sooner or later someone was sure to pass, for the road was usually quite busy in the morning. She would choose someone who looked trustworthy and tell him to go to the police station.

The thing that had been puzzling her all morning was why she had not been attacked when the boys were killed. If there was a rebellion, it would be against the white people, naturally. Their servants would be secondary victims.

Perhaps the terrorists had been disturbed.

A little before ten o'clock Mrs. Marchant saw two people approaching along the road. They were quite a long way off when first she noticed them, and they were the first living creatures she had seen that day. She felt that she ought to be glad to see them, but this was not the case. She was not glad at all. She did not like the look of them.

They were young men, little more than boys. She could tell that by their walk. The taller of the two was carrying what seemed to be a gun. The other had a bottle in each hand. Perhaps the bottles had something to do with the way they walked.

They did not seem to be going anywhere in particular, and indeed they did not notice the bungalow till they were quite close. When they did notice it they stopped and talked for a few minutes, glancing up to the verandah every now and then, and evidently discussing what they ought to do.

The one with the gun had taken it from his shoulder and was fooling about with it. Finally he dropped it. He left it on the road while he took a drink from one of the bottles. There was a brief argument about how much he had drunk; the bottles were held up to the light and their contents compared. Presently he picked up his gun and pointed it in the direction of Mrs. Marchant.

"Hands up!" he said.

He must have heard that in a cinema, Mrs. Marchant thought. There were too many cinemas in the coast towns.

Continuing . . . In The Morning

from page 5

Films were a bad influence on the natives. Gave them all sorts of ideas.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Marchant. Hands up, indeed! She did not move.

The boy with the gun was naturally the bolder of the two. He climbed the verandah steps in a very threatening manner. The gun was quite a modern one, rather like a police rifle. Very dangerous in the wrong hands, as now. Natives are not to be trusted with firearms. Mr. Marchant had often said as much.

"Hands up!" the boy said again.

Mrs. Marchant's failure to obey this very reasonable order seemed to perplex him. In films, people with guns were always obeyed. The ones who did not have guns put up their hands and kept them up till the next thing happened. This was usually the attempt to escape. They tried to grab the gun. Would this old woman try to grab it? Very probably, the boy thought. He did not approach too close.

"Where did you get that gun?" Mrs. Marchant asked him.

The boy had no experience of being insolent to Europeans. When they asked a question, you told them. A lie, if you could think of one in time. But you told them something.

"In town," he told her. "The policeman was dead. I took it." This was true.

"You will probably be hanged," Mrs. Marchant said. "When they find out who has his gun they will think they know who killed him. Yes, I should say you will be hanged for sure."

He kept his gun pointed at her, but now he was a little less resolute. Mrs. Marchant noticed that the muzzle was choked with what looked like mud. The boy had probably been using the weapon as a walking-stick. She supposed it would be loaded. If so, the barrel would probably burst when the gun was fired.

Such things had been known. Mr. Marchant had often spoken of the carelessness of the native police. Too reckless to be trusted with bow and arrow, he had said. As for deadly weapons . . .

"Is the gun loaded?" she asked the boy.

He scowled. This had not occurred to him. "Naturally," he said.

"Let me see you fire it, then."

He turned the gun away from her—but still too close for her piece of mind.

"Go on," she said. "Fire it. Are you afraid?"

The boy fitted a finger into the trigger-guard and pulled. The trigger-guard did not budge.

"You see?" Mrs. Marchant said. "It is not loaded. It is



"Hello, Edna, I hope you've got the time to talk."

probably broken, anyway. Quite useless. But they will hang you all the same. I suppose the policeman was killed when he had no more bullets, or when the gun broke."

"There is no government,"

said the boy with the gun. The other one had not ventured on to the verandah. He was standing at the bottom of the steps, drinking from alternate bottles. After each drink he examined the bottles, gauging his progress.

"All the police are dead," said the boy with the gun. He looked very unhappy. "The town is burned. No one will be hanged."

"There are other towns,"

Mrs. Marchant told him. "They are not all burned. And there is England, where the Queen is. You cannot burn England.

They will send flying-machines and of course a battleship, and presently you will be hanged. My husband was a policeman. He is dead, now, but he hanged many boys like you. Or he had them sent to prison for a hundred years."

"No one lives so long," the boy argued. He hoped not.

"Not many," Mrs. Marchant conceded. "But some of them lived for fifty years. That is a very long time, in prison, with no wife and no friends and no proper food."

The boy was now very uneasy. "You are very old," he said. "How many years?"

"Eighty," Mrs. Marchant told him. "I do not look so old, but that is because of the blood . . ."

The boy licked his lips. Now he was afraid of this old woman. Eighty? That was probably a lie. She might be a hundred. She might be more. "Blood?" he said, half questioning. "The blood of goats, do you mean?"

Mrs. Marchant smiled. "You know what I mean," she said.

She turned and looked composedly down at the road. By the bottom of the steps the other boy was still drinking from the bottles.

"Your friend is drinking very quickly," Mrs. Marchant said. "One bottle is empty. See, he has thrown it away. Would it not be better to shoot him before he finishes the other one?"

"It is too late," said the boy with the gun. "He has finished it now. I can still shoot him, but both the bottles are empty. I can shoot you, too. It may fire this time."

Mrs. Marchant stood up. The boy stepped back a little, alarmed.

"You must not shoot me," she said. "I know that you did not kill the policeman. I am police, almost, because of my husband. They will not hang you if I tell them that you found the gun, truly."

The boy with the gun was still doubtful. This was a strong and evil woman. The gun was broken, or perhaps there were no bullets in it. The English would bring a battleship and hang him. It was hopeless.

By the verandah his companion had sat down beside the empty bottles and was singing a plaintive, repetitious song. Mrs. Marchant watched the eyes of the boy with the gun.

To know what people are thinking, she had learned, you must watch their eyes. This boy had never learned how to hide his thoughts.

When she saw what she had been waiting for, she spoke. She spoke not as a helpless old woman addressing an armed man, but rather as one who for forty years had given orders to the natives, never being disobeyed.

"Give me that gun!" she said sharply.

The reaction was instantaneous and irretrievable. Without thinking, the boy did as he was told. When he did think he knew that he had been a fool. But by that time the old woman had the gun, and he would probably be hanged.

Mrs. Marchant tucked the butt of the rifle under her arm. It was a heavy, clumsy weapon, and she hoped she would not have to fire it. Not before she had found an opportunity to clear the muzzle.

"Can you cook?" she asked the boy.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I was a cook before this thing happened."

"Go and light the fire in my kitchen," Mrs. Marchant said. "I am going to repair this rifle."

"Why have you no cook, ma'am?" the boy asked her.

"He is dead," she told him. "Also my house-boy. Both dead. You will find them in the cook's room. But first light the fire. It is nearly eleven o'clock. I expect the police to arrive soon. They will be hungry if the town has been burned."

The boy stared at her. Both dead. And now she was going to repair the gun.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I shall pay you four pounds a month, and proper food," she said. "If you can cook well, that is, and if you are not a thief. Your friend can be my house-boy when he feels better."

The police did not arrive, in fact, until the afternoon. There had been many other things to do, and no one had held out much hope for the obstinate old woman.

Mrs. Marchant stood on her verandah and watched the police car draw up. She held the gun quite casually under her arm. It contained five rounds and the muzzle had been cleared.

Lunch had been quite satisfactory.

"Did you have trouble?" the lieutenant asked her.

"Both my boys were killed," she told him. "However, I have been able to replace them. Will you give me one of your revolvers in exchange for this rifle? I find it rather heavy."

"Where on earth did you get a police rifle?" the lieutenant asked.

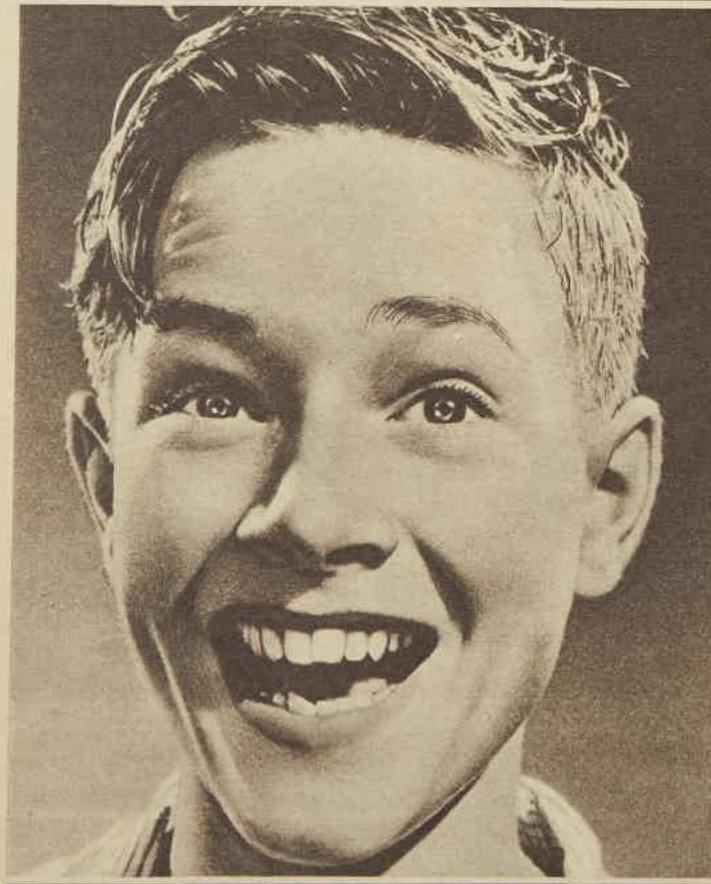
"I suppose I may be said to have captured it," Mrs. Marchant said. "Recaptured, rather. You may have it back if you will give me something smaller."

"You know I can't do that," the lieutenant said. "Regulations . . ."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Marchant. And now she remembered, just when it was convenient to do so, something she had read somewhere. She was greatly pleased.

"In times like these, Lieutenant," Mrs. Marchant said, "each man is an outlaw unto himself."

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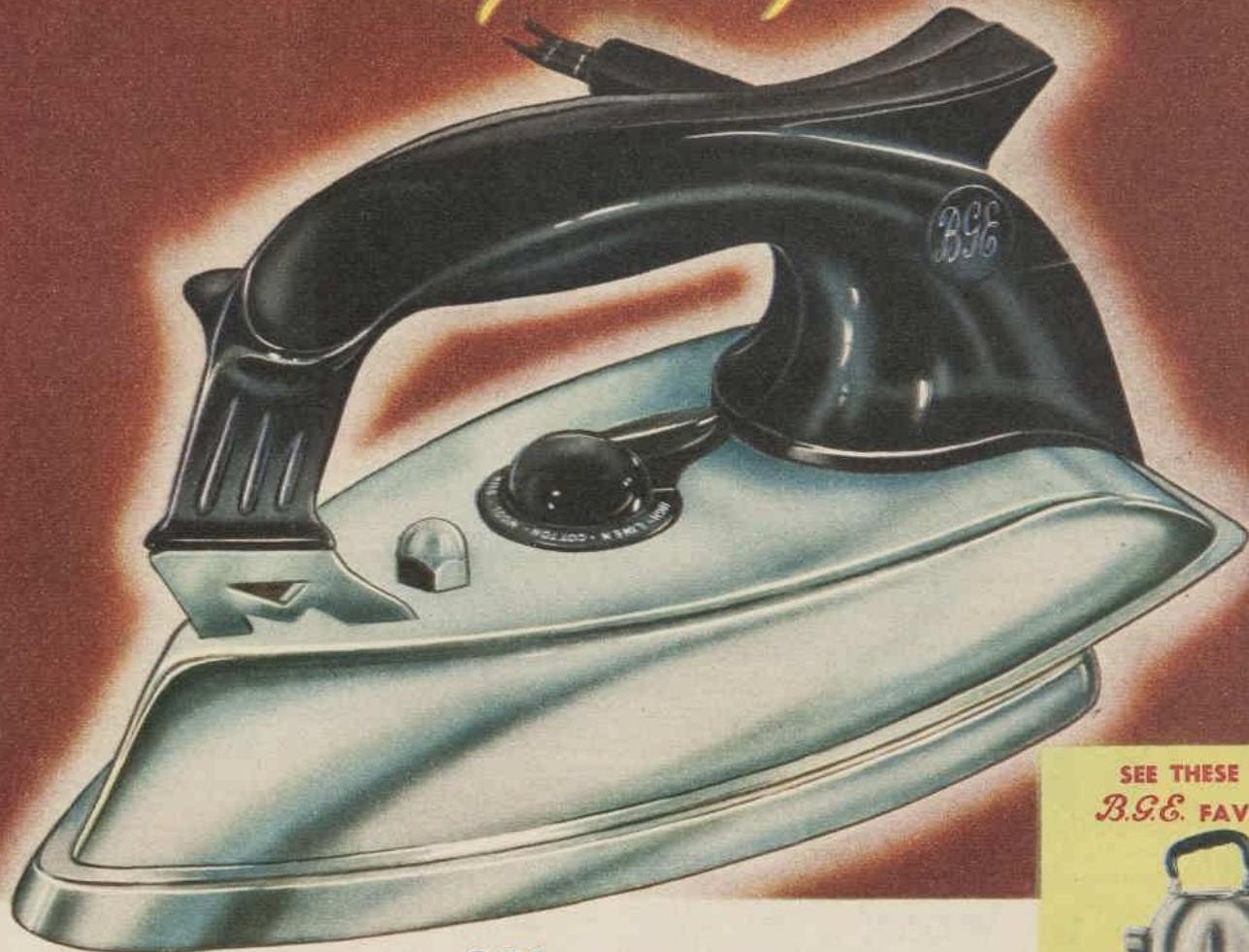


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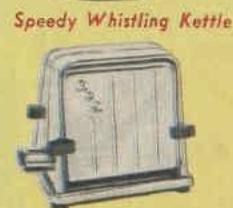
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 25, 1955

Continuing . . .

Herrick Said "NO"

From page 3

me. She wanted me to ask her, too! All those tales she'd told us about Herrick. Either they were very good friends or she'd like them to be. I couldn't figure out what I should have done.

I told Jim about it. He stuck up for Herrick. "Good thing you didn't ask her," he said. "Let the poor guy have some peace."

"What do you know about it?"

"I know about designing dames. But I should worry. Old Herrick's a cagy bird."

And we had proof that night that Herrick could take it.

We were barely through our dinner, sitting on the riverside patio behind our house, when Marthe blew in, slender in a smart black dress. She's about my age, which would be some five years younger than Herrick, but she's never been a particular friend of mine. You know the way a fading blonde would feel about a brunette who looked like a magazine illustration!

She'd been married and widowed early in the war, and I had the twins and Jim; so we saw different sort of people and had had very little in common.

Somewhat, though, with the first scared, soft look she cast at Herrick, I was on her side. Girls sticking together, too, I suppose. The look was so hopeful and so hopeless. Sort of "Please don't hit me, please notice me." Of course, it being directed at Herrick I thought she was a dope.

Herrick would have none of it. Jim seemed to find great amusement in the situation, while I was somewhat uncomfortable, not for me, but for Marthe. I resolved to have a heart-to-heart talk to her one day.

This conviction solidified throughout the evening. She really did give her hand away.

She told Herrick about how she cooked. She asked him to cocktails at some friends of hers the next day. He said abruptly, "No." She spoke of her "little house." She remarked upon the troubles of a widowed woman, in making up her mind, in knowing whom to consult about finances. She, Marthe Breton, the sharpest cookie of them all.

I couldn't figure it out. After all, she was pretty well off herself, she couldn't be after his money. She was extremely elegant, as I've said before, it wasn't for lack of offers she hadn't married again. And, girdly, Herrick Dour, egotistic, old Herrick of all people.

But I worked myself all the way to feeling sorry for Marthe that night. That was after she'd vainly, and with pathetically threadbare subtlety, tried to get Herrick to take her home. Really, the man was a brute—fool as Marthe might be.

In the end Jim drove both of them home and reported to me later. "Herrick sulked. She invited us in for a nightcap. I wouldn't have minded. She's still got that neat white bungalow in the park. Herrick said no. Her voice shook. She's after him all right."

"Would you like to bet on the outcome?"

"Not fair betting on a sure thing, sweet. Besides, I'd just have to give you the money to pay me when I won."

"No, you give it to me to keep. I'll win."

But it looked as though Jim would. Herrick's stock, financially and socially, was up in our summer-green Canadian capital. And he seemed quite unovingly smug about himself. Except for two things, of which he complained every time he turned up at our place, which was surprisingly often, invited and uninvited.

These two things were: (a) the women after him, and (b)

the hotel and its meals. His wife had spoiled him, I told him. At which he grinned.

But one day he stormed in long before dinner hour. I cleared the couch of the twins' toys and gave him a highball. "Jim'll be home in a minute, I should think."

"I came early on purpose," he snapped. "To talk to you."

"My goodness—I couldn't resist it—" Gab, gab, gab. To a woman."

"Be serious, Erica," he said.

He gulped down half his drink, oblivious of his ulcers or what remained of them. He loosened the laces on his shoes and drew a long breath.

"Look here, Erica," he said.

"I have to talk to somebody. I can't stand that hotel much longer. The noise and the food. And, you know, another thing—that is—"

"Women," I said.

"Well, that is—yes."

"I've got your problem neatly solved," I told him. "Get married. No more hotels or hotel meals. No more than one woman at any time."

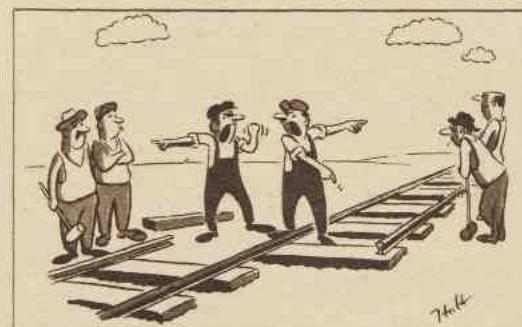
"Never again," Herrick said.

"I'm not the twice-marrying type." He got up, frowning furiously.

"And you can tell that to whomever it may concern," were his last words.

The next morning was one of those frequent ones when the devil got into the twins. This, plus the cleaning woman not turning up, the sink getting blocked up, and Jim leaving in a huff because his egg was too well done or something.

I suppose it was my blue cycle, but there I was, elevenish, sitting in the wreck of my



living-room, weeping, when Marthe Breton walked in. I could have killed her.

She didn't say anything. That I chalked up as the first thing to her credit.

She took one look at me and collected the ashtrays and the kids' toys. By the time I'd followed her into the kitchen she'd wiped up the jam and the broken jar from the floor of the breakfast-room, and was well into the breakfast dishes.

"Don't bother, Marthe, for goodness' sake," I said, picking up the dish-towel.

"I like to," she said simply.

The twins came in, looking like grimy urchins, and said they'd been asked to a birthday party down the street. I could have smacked them.

Marthe said, "Come upstairs, boys; what you need is a bath."

They didn't even protest. I suppose it was the businesswoman's firm tone of voice. I'd vacuum-cleaned a bit and a semblance of home was reappearing from the chaos, when they came down looking deceptively like angels.

"How about a drink?" Marthe said, and got it, while I went upstairs and found even the beds made. I washed my face, put on brave front of lipstick and began to feel human.

"You're a dear, Marthe," I said. "Thanks."

She gave me a curiously long look. "I really like to do to you, Erica," she said. "You don't seem to believe me. I like it. I envy you."

"Here? This?"

"Here. This. That's what I came to talk to you about."

She began to search for a cigarette in that nervous way people have when they are trying to put off saying something. I gave her one and lit it.

She swallowed and said fast, "I suppose you think it's disgraceful the way I've been chasing Herrick?"

I gaped at her. Collected my wits. "Heavens," I said, "all I couldn't see is—why Herrick?"

"Look, Erica, I don't know why I should tell you—I don't talk as a rule—I—I—"

"Herrick," I prompted.

"I'm nuts about him," she said, looking me straight in the eyes. "Always have been. I can't tell you any good reasons, except that I just think he'd like a home the way I would, and all the little sorts of things that go with it, and besides that I love his dignity and aloofness from everybody else. Oh, his sort of one-man-dog, one-woman-man air. I really do. I sound silly, I suppose."

"No," I said slowly. "No, I really think I see what you mean." I'd never seen Herrick in that light myself, but looking at it now I conceded her point. She could quite easily be right. Perhaps that's what his wife had seen in him.

"I know," Marthe said earnestly, "he'd be happy with me."

But what about you, I felt like saying, and said instead: "But try to convince Herrick

mapped by the time Jim came home.

He looked at us suspiciously. "You two look guilty," he said. "What are you up to?"

Marthe had been all for telling Jim too, but I'd warned her off. "Men stick together like leeches when they think women are about to violate their inviolability," I told her. "Never trust a man when you are about to make an attack on another man."

So I looked him right in the eyes now, and said, "How about taking us to dinner, darling?" Which he did.

The first move in our little plan had to be made with crafty nonchalance. Though I was dying to start on the campaign, I waited for Herrick to invite himself to dinner rather than ask him. That would show my indifference to the whole thing, I felt.

Most of this story seems to be about food and when we ate it, but what could be more appropriate with Herrick's ulcers, so to speak, the heroes of the piece. He brought them along the next Friday and I excelled myself at home cooking, hot day and all as it was. We even had entree of sole, which he loved, and asparagus with hollandaise sauce.

"I don't think you have ulcers any more," I prompted him.

He gave me a sour look, which mellowed into a beam. "I can eat anything when it's cooked like this," he praised.

"I taught her myself," Jim said.

I jumped briskly into the opening. "Jim did, really," I lied. "He used to do a lot of his own cooking before he hired me. He used to loathe restaurant meals."

"They won't let me install a stove at the Chateau Laurier," Herrick said.

"Why don't you get yourself a flat?"

"Just where?"

I struggled to look puzzled for a moment. "I heard of something," I said slowly. "Oh, yes. Marthe Breton. She's thinking of renting that nice place of hers."

Jim, bless him, unintentionally jumped in to help me. "What a spot for you, old man," he said, "Right in the park. Big living-room with a fireplace. Sleeping porch facing the garden. Everything on one floor."

"I can't run a house by myself," Herrick looked reluctantly interested.

I turned on the enthusiasm. "Marthe's got a good char who comes in by the day. She's got a good laundry and a communal kind of gardener-furnace man. Why don't you talk to Marthe?"

"Why does she want to rent it?" Suspicion seized him.

"I think she's going to take a summer course in something or other. In Montreal. She'll have to live there."

"Oh," said Herrick, "out of town, eh?"

"She may have rented the place already," I said.

That did it.

"Well, for . . ." Herrick said. "Why didn't she call me first? She calls me often enough about nothing. She knew I was sick of the hotel."

We mixed ourselves another drink and later we had lunch on the patio, where the daffodils were in golden-yellow bloom, and began scheming Herrick's downfall scientifically.

The problem was quite simple. We knew what Herrick wanted and we had it, but we had to make him realize he wanted it. Obviously our theme had to be super subtlety. All the direct come-hither, even when they had been for his own good, had made Herrick shy away like a startled mare.

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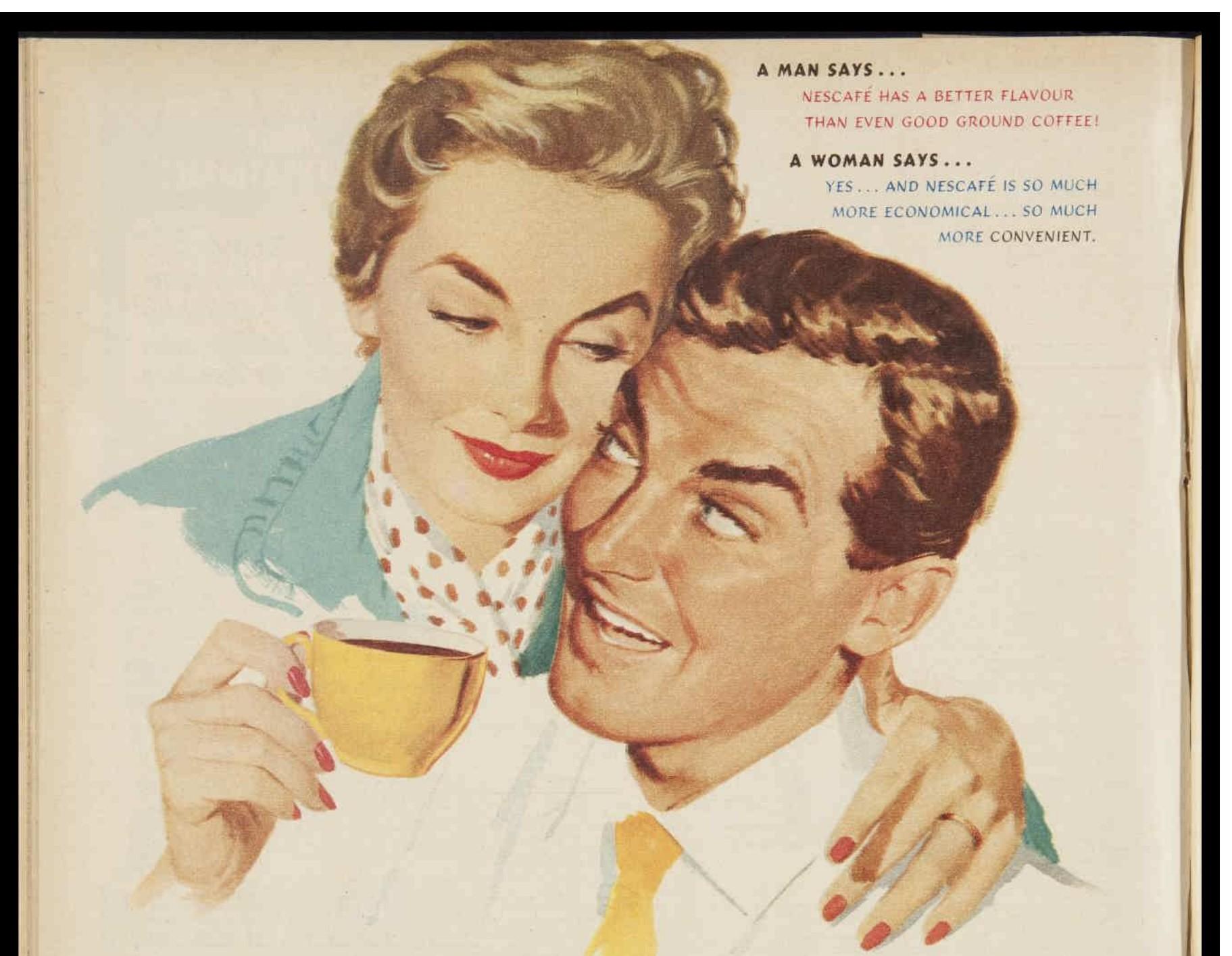
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guard, "Gotta wait till the gent's through."

"When are you moving?" I shrieked.

"Tonight," Herrick shouted back at me.

The guard closed the door.

"Are you up to anything, Erica?" Jim demanded.

"What do you mean?"

"Somehow," Jim said, pulling his ear. "I sense a scheme."

"Oh, shut up," I said as Herrick joined us.

We drove out through the sweetly scented evening fields towards the park and the river. On the other shore the Gatineau Hills were softly blue in the twilight. The Peace Tower bells chimed their French-Canadian ballads from the Parliament Hill, the scent of late lilac mixed with the tang of the fresh lumber from the rafts on the river.

Herrick breathed deep and said: "New York was more New York than ever. Cursedly hot. Stumble over people. Freeze in the air-conditioned spots. Boil in the streets."

I didn't say anything. He leaned out of the car and took in the evening. It was cool here, and still. We came to the house and I didn't wonder Marthe almost cried leaving it. It looked homy and comfortable, set back from the street and guarded by two big oak trees.

I handed Herrick the keys. The door opened to a small hall that had an air of spaciousness. Old wood, unfussy gilt-edged mirror, thick, faded, tan rug. At the step down to the living-room Herrick paused and heaved a long sigh. I've always thought that room a little too tidy, a little too set, but not Herrick. The peculiar precisionism-cum-comfort of it was just his line.

"The fire's all set," he said happily. "Deep chairs. Good reading lamps. And there's this month's Atlantic, and this

Continuing . . . Herrick Said "NO"

[rom page 41]

week's New Yorker right by the biggest chair."

He looked exalted. Good thing, I thought, I'd remembered that thing about magazines from six years ago.

"I'm going to stay here right now," Herrick said. "I've got a bag and I can get the rest of my stuff tomorrow." He had a burst of hospitality. "I wish I could ask you two to stay for a snack or a drink."

I'd gone prowling into the kitchen. I opened the ice-box door.

"Hey, Herrick," I shouted. "Here's some milk and . . ."

He stooped over my shoulder. "Cheese, tomatoes, eggs," his face was shining. "How about an omelet? I'm good at omelets!"

"I'll go and get us a drink from our house," Jim said.

I wandered into the dining-room. It was a step up from the living-room—it, the living-room, and the hall making a rather pleasant L.

"What a selection of glasses you have, Herrick." I kept up my shouted summary. "All set for a party any time. And silver. And a drawerful of hand-woven linen mats. And . . ."

He followed me. "It looks good. Solid. No fripperies." He sounded snug as though all the credit was his.

Just like a man, I thought, slightly perched. How am I going to jolt him a bit?

He meandered across the small but perfect room. His eyes suddenly got a glassy stare. "Erica," he whispered, "she's even left the decanters full! Jim," he shouted after my disappearing husband, "don't go, come back, I have some stuff!"

And then, while I was still smarting under that "I," he turned back to me. "She . . . Marthe . . . she's a wonderful

. . . he caught hold of himself in time . . . 'landlady.' And that was the beginning of Herrick Carter's love affair with the riverside bungalow.

I knew that ultimately he would find the memory jogger Marthe and I had carefully prepared, "Herrick Carter, His Book," which would sum-

I didn't hear a word from Herrick for a week. Marthe telephoned twice from Montreal, where she was staying with her sister and actually, in desperation, had started on a summer course in weaving.

"Why weaving?" I asked.

"Why not? It's sort of domestic," she said pitifully.

I had nothing to report except the promising events of

interrupted me. "I've invented a thing."

"What?"

"Hurry up or it'll be ruined," he said and hung up.

I called the neighbors' young

daughter to sit with the twins,

at the probable bonus price of

a few broken records, and I

couldn't get out of the house fast enough.

Herrick met me at the doorway in his shirt-sleeves, a towel wrapped about his middle. He looked busy and happy. My mind couldn't even dredge up the old Herrick of six years ago for comparison.

"I thought of it suddenly, in the middle of a conference," he told me, before I could open my mouth. "Couldn't wait to get home."

"What?" I demanded.

He was ushering me into the kitchen. "One of the chaps at the bank got back from his holidays and he had some sea perch for me; caught off Nova Scotia yesterday, and I suddenly remembered all the condiments I had—Marthe really must be a marvellous cook to have the place so well stocked . . ."

"Start from the beginning," I said. "Slowly. Now, what did you invent?"

"A new dish," Herrick beamed. "Sea perch, baked in milk with bayleaf and oranges and a drop of white wine and breadcrumbs and cheese crusted golden brown on top. Look here."

I sat down weakly. "I thought you'd invented a new international banking practice or something."

"You're staying for dinner," he said.

I watched him set two places tidily, obviously very pleased with himself. Marthe's best goblets stood ready for the white wine already cooling in a bucket. I thought of Jim's clumsiness when he even had to wipe a cup. Herrick was obviously made for a tidy

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house. I couldn't help thinking how Marthe would give her eye teeth to trade places with me right now.

His concoction was astonishingly good. I told him so and he got talkative.

"This is a very cheery house," he told me. "The kitchen's got everything, and in a very logical sequence. I'll show you later. Spices where you can reach them when you need them. A perfectly graded collection of knives; sharp, too. That sort of thing."

"I hope you've written Marthe and told her so," I said.

"No," he said. "And look at these things. Big enough glasses to hold sufficient milk. Nice thick, man-sized napkins. Look in there, all the chairs are comfortable, none of these spindly antiques that crick your back."

Pretty nice of Marthe to

To page 44



plify his housekeeping to sticking a finger in the telephone dial and giving it a twist.

We'd listed everybody from the chimney sweep to the florist, the drug store to the plumber. Our theory was that the little house should never seem a burden. It should support Herrick and his foibles, graciously and easily.

that first night. Then, one night, when I knew I couldn't stand the suspense a moment longer, the phone rang.

Herrick said excitedly, "Erica, what are you doing?"

"Nothing. Getting my own tea. Jim's at a meeting. I was going to call you and . . ."

"Come right over," he in-

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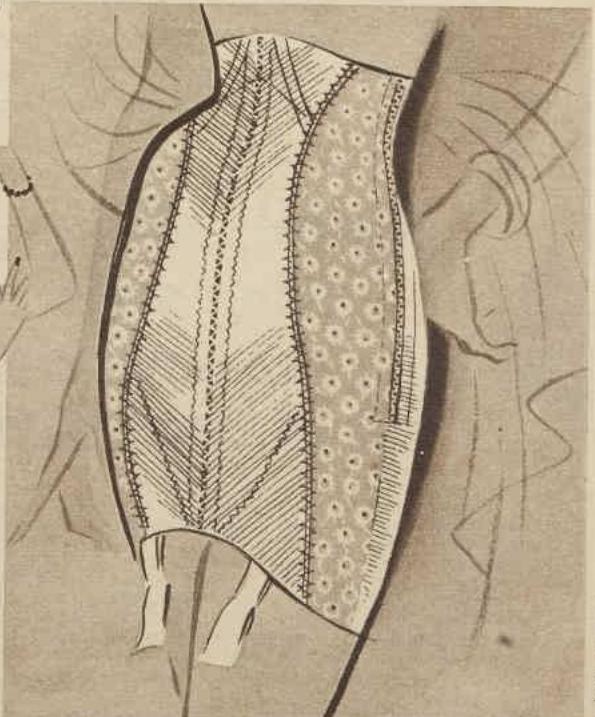


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leave you her best things to use," I said.

"Certainly was," agreed Herrick smugly. "What sort of a person is she, Erica? She's got quite a lot of good books I've always meant to read but never got around to. I've had a go at a couple of them."

"My goodness," I said impatiently, "you've known her for some ten years . . ."

"Longer," Herrick said. "She went to school with my wife. But I never noticed her."

"She left the house so nicely for you," I said, "you might at least have sent her some flowers or something."

"That's an idea," Herrick said. "You do it. Here, I'll give you the money and my card. You know what she'd like."

So I gave up Jim, coming in search of me, found us on the terrace. For two solid hours over my cooling coffee I'd been listening to Herrick's love song of the house. If that bungalow had been a woman it would have had no trouble getting to be Madame Carter. Our plan had worked out well enough as far as it went, but somehow it was misfiring. How to connect Marthe with the bungalow in Herrick's mind, solidly, was our problem now.

I consulted Marthe the next morning. She was very cheered by my report and not at all upset about Herrick's neglect of her for the house.

"That's a good start," she enthused. "That thing about the books is very promising, don't you think?"

"You didn't listen for two hours to prose sonnets about the kitchen stove and the thickness of your napkins," I snapped.

"He'll come around," she said.

But he didn't. Hopefully, Marthe came to Ottawa a month later and Jim and I

took her over to Herrick's. He showed her the house as though it really belonged to him.

But on the way home she said: "Have you ever seen another man keep a house so tidily? It's just like I left it."

For a time Herrick's tenderness for the bungalow continued to cheer Marthe. And then a couple of months were gone, like that, swish, swish, and autumn was here, and Marthe was sick to the teeth of living with her sister or in hotels or holiday resorts, and she never wanted to face a loom again.

She had, though, before she gave up her weaving, done a dozen thick, masculine-looking table mats she thought would please Herrick.

"Look here," she said one September morning, turning up at the house just after Jim had left, "what do you say I give him notice?"

"He'll be furious," I said. "He'll be absolutely livid."

She sat there staring thoughtfully at my asters at the bottom of the garden. "If," she said slowly, "he'd only do something wrong. Something a landlady might object to."

"Not he, not Herrick," I said. "He'd build a Taj Mahal for that house if he could spare time from his cooking. He wouldn't harm it with a pin-prick."

"Wait a minute," Marthe said. "A thought occurs to me."

And then she bent double with laughter.

"Come on," I said. "What comes off? What is it?"

"I wonder whether it would work," she said between gasps of merriment. "Oh, how wicked can I be?"

Fate favored us, as they say in novels. A couple of even-

Continuing . . . Herrick Said "NO"

from page 43

ings later the weather turned autumn-cold and I said to Jim, "Let's call Herrick and have a hot grog and light the fire. Let's usher in the season."

Herrick's turned out to be quite an amiable guy since he's had a home for his ulcers, hasn't he?" Jim said, reaching for the phone.

As I'd supposed and hoped for, Herrick said, "No, you come on over here." When I went up to get my coat I called Marthe at the Chateau. The scene was set.

He was stocking the fireplace when we arrived. It's a huge, handsome stone hearth, almost too big for the room. Man-sized.

"This is a good idea," he said. "I've been wanting to have a rip-roaring fire. You get the grog started, Jim."

He'd built a magnificent log

pile and it roared into a blaze at the first match. It was the handsomest conflagration I've seen in a long time, and Herrick stood back from it, hands on hips, and admired it.

"What a fireplace!" he said. "What a fire. Isn't this a house and a half?"

And then it began to happen. The first little tendrils of smoke edging around the corner and up along the stones. I hurried him out to help Jim. I wanted it to have a good start.

By the time they had finished their elaborate grog preparations the living-room was fairly stuffed with sooty smoke and—I'd checked from the terrace—the chimney was emitting a crackling cascade of sparks and billowing smoke. Just like Marthe had said it

would. Always had, the first fire of the season. If only she now timed her part right.

Herrick, of course, threw a fit. He'd never had to cope with anything like this. Jim, trying to be helpful, began to break up the masterly log pile and fumble at carrying the burning logs to the ashcan in the basement. This, naturally, made everything smokier, messier, and more frantic. I added to the chaos with sharp, helpless screams.

And right then the Fire Department arrived. Big, fast men in big oilskins, axes in hand, running heavily across the lawn in their big boots lugging hose, prowling into the cellar, climbing the roof, tapping at the wall for tell-tale warmth, tracking the carpet with earth and mud.

And into this mess came Marthe, calm, lovely, flowers in her hair.

"What is happening here?" she said, spacing her cold, bitter words like sentinels.

Herrick could only grasp his head and chase after the firemen, pleading at them not to wreck anything.

"We are doing our duty," one young giant stopped to advise him. "We were called and we came."

"There's nothing the matter," Jim kept saying, staring at the lessening sparks from the chimney.

"I really do feel when one leaves one's property in care of a responsible . . ." Marthe would put in.

And poor Herrick, like a headless hen, picking up the clumps of mud dropped by the firemen at each step.

It was all I could do not to whoop with laughter.

Peculiarly enough, the thing turned out to be a false alarm. There was nothing a clean

chimney wouldn't fix, the chief said. Who had put in the alarm?

"Too quickly I said, "Neighbors, probably. Saw the smoke, probably."

The firemen were barely out before Jim's hand was firmly on my elbow, his steely eyes fixed on me.

"You are coming home," he commanded. "Nothing here we can do, Herrick."

I cast an eye back on Marthe, who was regarding Herrick in sorrow and in anger.

This was the last act. The best act. I couldn't leave now. Firmly Jim pushed me into the car, started it. "I don't know how you did it," he said grimly, "but you are not winning any bet from me with unfair scheming." And much later, as he was getting into bed, he said, "Poor guy."

I knew whom he meant.

So, there I'd been right through the battle, and missed the end. The following morning brought none of the titillating sidelights I'd have loved to know. Marthe was snug, smooth as purring cat, dulcet-voiced. "It's wonderful, Erica," she said.

"But what did you do?" I demanded.

"Nothing," she said. "Cleaned up. And had the grogs. And then Herrick said if he couldn't have the house without me he'd have me, too. He said he felt he'd got to know me so well through it. He said he'd care for us both always, and it would be a lifetime job because we both were so perfect. He says the loveliest things."

"Well, I guess my usefulness is over," I snapped. "All there remains for me to do is send for a chimney sweep."

"Herrick did," she said.

The twins were page-boys at the wedding.

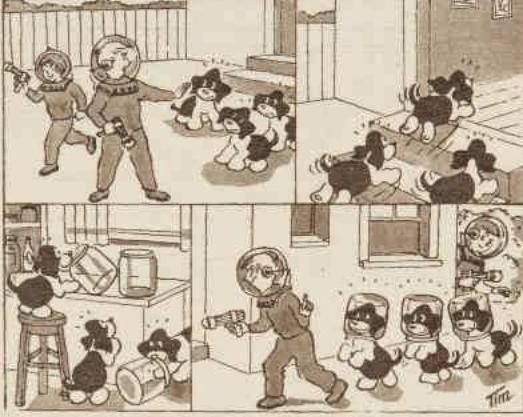
They hated it, but Marthe wanted them.

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



When FIVE go to school...

I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW HOW THEY
MANAGED A BIG WASH WHEN MOTHER
WAS A GIRL TODAY—WITH THOSE THICKER,
RICHER RINSO SUDS IT'S EASY AS A. B. C. AND
CLOTHES ARE BRIGHTER THAN BRAND-NEW.

Rinso's thicker,
richer suds
take the hard work
out of washdays

OLD-TIME SOAP
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ENOUGH FOR US. RINSO'S
LONG-LASTING SUDS DISSOLVE
GREASE FAST!

Life is busy and joyous for the six rosy-cheeked youngsters of Mr. and Mrs. R. Schembri, of Merrylands, New South Wales. For playmates they have 2 cats, 3 kittens, 6 rabbits, 17 fish in a pond and 32 chickens (at last count). With their own private zoo, those six children certainly pile up the washing for Mum. But pretty Mrs. Schembri accepts it all with sweet temper.

Six small people at school and play, the eldest aged eleven and the youngest only three. Think what it means, come washdays, for this young mother. Does it trouble her? Not one bit. Into Rinso's thick, rich suds go all the dirty clothes. Out on the line—so quickly—all shining white, dazzling bright. And Mrs. Schembri's hands stay soft and smooth as her own blonde daughter's. Like 7 out of every 10 Australian housewives, this capable, modern homemaker has proved that Rinso is best for everything—whites, coloureds, dishes.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 25, 1955

Anne Baxter

THE answer to the question "Can Hollywood stars remain people?" is supplied by beautiful, talented Anne Baxter. For though she has been part of Hollywood for the past 15 years, Anne remains very much a real person—charming, intelligent, warm, and natural.

Anne, a freelance, plucked one of the recent acting plums when M.G.M. chose her to play the dramatic starring role of the American girl in their new production "Bedevilled," the first American film to be shot in its entirety in Paris—a pretty nice assignment for anybody.

There were eyebrows raised when this blond, hazel-eyed granddaughter of the great American architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, as a child said that she wanted to be an actress.

But her parents were understanding and Anne was enrolled as a pupil at the famous Theodora Irvine School of Acting, in New York.

Her progress was so satisfactory that when she was only 11 she was selected to play a child role in the Broadway play "Seen But Not Heard." After she graduated from the school she began to act in stock in and around New York. Anne had been right, and the relatives with raised eyebrows wrong—she was meant to be an actress.

How wrong they had been was proved in 1947, when she walked away with the best supporting actress Academy Award for her role as the drunken girl in "The Razor's Edge." Many people thought she had stolen the picture.

Her first film was "Twenty Mule Team," with Wallace Beery, and her next—for contrast—"The Great Profile," with John Barrymore, the great profile himself.

Two fine performances, with Monty Woolley in "Pied Piper" and with Dana Andrews in "Swamp Water," brought Anne so far to the front that Orson Welles selected her to appear with him in "The Magnificent Ambersons."

Baxter fans and Anne herself place next in importance to her "Razor's Edge" role the performance she gave in "All About Eve."

Anne's eight-year marriage to handsome actor John Hodiak was dissolved last year. Everyone was sorry, for Anne had put up a long fight to wear down her parents' opposition to the match. It was a first marriage for both.

There is one child, a daughter, Katrina, who is now five.

At present Anne is working in Cecil B. DeMille's "Ten Commandments," the huge VistaVision production long planned by the old master of spectacle and splendor.

When she takes off for the last time the elaborate make-up that she wears for her role as the beautiful Egyptian queen, Anne plans a two-month South Pacific holiday.

Only five feet four and a half inches high, Anne is the smallest—and the prettiest—member of the board of governors of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences.



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Yet, the magic of ERACE does not alter, in any way, the methods of beautification or make-up which you have found to be best for you. For ERACE is not a cosmetic . . . you use ERACE *before* applying any make-up . . . Once ERACE has subtly done its work of concealment . . . THEN . . . you apply your usual make-up as you have in the past. BUT, what a

wonderful difference your mirror will disclose. You have added loveliness by erasing flaws.

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—by MAX Factor HOLLYWOOD

Talking of Films

★★★ Carmen Jones

THE vitality and vividness that the all-negro cast bring to their roles make "Carmen Jones," 20th Century-Fox's modernised screen version of the Bizet opera, an exciting screen experience.

Given fresh, modern-style lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein in the negro idiom, Bizet's always colorful and passionate music takes on a new, life-like meaning.

It is extraordinary how well the old opera plot has stood modernisation. The gum-chewing wartime parachute factory worker Carmen is a natural projection of the original cigarette factory Carmen; just as Husky, the flashy, high-riding boxing champion, seems to have grown naturally out of the torero.

Negro singers of merit supply the dubbed voices of the principals. The exception is a small actress named Olga James, who sings her own role of Lindy Lou in a touchingly pathetic little thread of sound to accompany her beautiful performance.

The impact made by Dorothy Dandridge as Carmen is electrifying, and it is easy to understand why she was such a strong Academy Award nomination. It's to be hoped she can be found another screen role suitable to the display of her special talents.

Classic blues singer Pearl Bailey brings a huge enjoyment and vigor to the role of Carmen's rollicking girl-friend. Possibly her "Gypsy Song" would surprise Bizet, but she makes this Harlem version of the contralto showpiece live.

The film, flashy, brassy, and pulsing with life, is a credit to everyone connected with it.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

★★ The Racers

ITS authentic background of big-time European car racing and the generous footage of excellent scenes of the Continental towns and countryside associated with the classic races give 20th Century-Fox's drama of the race-car stars an interest reaching far beyond fans of the sport.

The virility of the male players, headed by Kirk Douglas, Gilbert Roland, Lee J. Cobb, and Cesar Romero, and the use of several fresh and interesting European actors do a lot to raise the level of the film.

Douglas, as the arrogant Grand Prix star who must always win, gives one of his usual forceful, interesting performances, but Bella Darvi as the ballet dancer who loves him suffers poor photography and lack of screen personality.

Roland as the racetrack Don Juan and Romero as the driver who has a wife and knows fear do exceptionally well. Cobb, boss of the team, stamps even a fairly unromantic role with his particular calibre.

As the wife of the ageing driver Romero, Katy Jurado acts with fine sympathy and dignity.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

The film has been made with feeling for the color and drama of the great European race-car meetings. Only the human relationships are made in Hollywood.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★ The Man Who Watched Trains Go By

A STUDY of the disintegration of a middle-aged man of integrity under the pressure of hatred, greed, and desire, "The Man Who Watched Trains Go By" is a sedate thriller for those of quiet taste.

That this screen version of French author George Simenon's famous crime story never succeeds in striking sparks cannot be blamed on the actors, all of whom give thoughtful and sincere characterisations.

Claude Rains plays the trusted head clerk who thinks he has killed his defaulting employer, steals, and panics. Marta Toren is the amoral French gangster's girl who

leads him to disaster, and Marius Goring the French detective who tries to save him.

Surprisingly, this serious, low-keyed little film has been photographed in color.

In Sydney—Victory.

News from studios

BING CROSBY has been urging his oldest son, Gary, to study harder and to look to his diet. Gary has been indifferent about his growing weight, and hasn't bothered too much about work, either. Dad is worried. He wants Gary to be like Bing.

★★★ HOLLYWOOD will go to Paris to make yet another movie, this time a musical. The 20th Century-Fox film, titled "Dry Martini," will star Fred Astaire, who will again put on his dancing shoes.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "On the Waterfront," drama, starring Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden. Plus ★ "Outlaw Stallion," technicolor Western, starring Phil Carey, Dorothy Patrick, Billy Gray.

CENTURY.—★ "The Barefoot Contessa," technicolor drama, starring Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Titfield Thunderbolt," technicolor comedy, starring Stanley Holloway, John Gregson, Naunton Wayne. Plus "Glad Tidings," comedy, starring Barbara Kelly, Ronald Howard.

ESQUIRE.—★ "The Belles of St. Trinian's," comedy, starring Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell, George Cole. Plus ★ "Conflict of Wings," Eastmancolor drama, starring John Gregson, Muriel Pavlow, Kieron Moore.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Last Time I Saw Paris," technicolor drama in MetroScope, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "Jedda," Gevacolor Australian drama starring Ngarla Kunoth, Robert Tudawali. Plus ★ "Mission Over Korea," war drama, starring John Hodjak, John Derek.

MAYFAIR.—★★ "Carmen Jones," CinemaScope color negro musical drama, starring Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★ "The Racers," CinemaScope drama in color, starring Kirk Douglas, Bella Darvi, Gilbert Roland. (See review this page.) Plus "Geraldine," musical comedy, starring Stan Freberg, Mala Powers, John Carroll.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Sabrina," romantic comedy, starring Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "There's No Business Like Show Business," musical comedy in technicolor CinemaScope, starring Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Hit the Deck," CinemaScope musical in color, starring Ann Miller, Tony Martin, Walter Pidgeon, Jane Powell. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "The Wages of Fear," drama, French and English dialogue, with English subtitles, starring Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Vera Clouzot. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "Doctor in the House," technicolor comedy, starring Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Kay Kendall. Plus ★ "Life in the Arctic," true-life adventure in color.

VICTORY.—★ "The Man Who Watched Trains Go By," technicolor drama, starring Claude Rains, Marta Toren. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Life With the Lyons," comedy, starring Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon.

Films not yet reviewed

LYRIC.—"Crime of the Century," mystery, starring Stephanie Bachelor, Michael Browne, Martin Kosleck. Plus "Our Relations," comedy, with Laurel and Hardy. (Re-release, review not available.)

PALACE.—"Treasure of Kalifa," adventure, starring Rock Cameron, Tab Hunter. Plus "The Stranger," thriller, starring Edward G. Robinson, Orson Welles, Loretta Young. (Re-release, review not available.)

PARIS.—"Fan Fan La Tulipe," period comedy, starring Gerard Philippe, Gina Lollobrigida. Plus featurettes.



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Film



goes



fast

with...



PT.129, WW1430

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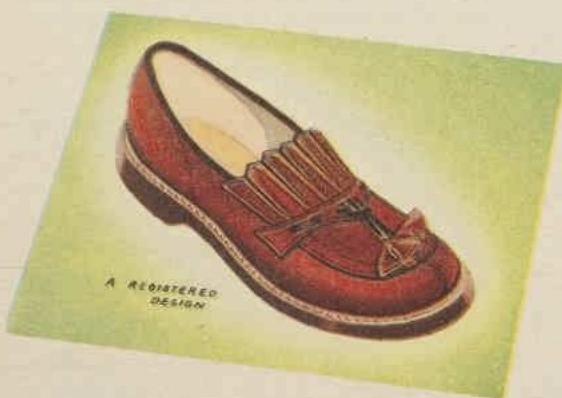
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Bob Hope for charity film preview



INFURIATED at prolonged act of Italian sisters Clara and Madeleine Morano cutting in on his time, and desperate to catch eye of booking agent, Foy interrupts their highbrow act with his own comedy turn. The agent wants to book the three.

★ American film star Bob Hope, whose 12-day Australian season begins on May 27, will attend the charity gala preview of his new film, "Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foys," at Sydney's Prince Edward Theatre on June 1, and will make a 15-minute personal appearance on the stage.

A biographical story of the life of old-time U.S. vaudeville song-and-dance man Eddie Foy (whose famous act with his seven children gives the film its title), this Paramount wide-screen color film offers Bob his most human and sympathetic role.

Bob makes three song-and-dance appearances with his seven little Foys, does a number with guest star Jimmy Cagney (playing his 1942 Academy Award role of the great George M. Cohan), dances with Milly Vitale, and has three solos of his own.

Proceeds of the gala preview go to the Spastic Centre, Sydney.



MADELEINE (Milly Vitale) agrees to do the act with Foy and to persuade Clara. But fearing she means marriage, he tears up contract, leaves Chicago, and the sisters return to Italy.



JEALOUS of wealthy Italian admirer, Foy follows Madeleine, under pressure agrees to marry her, and brings the sisters back to do an act with him.



SUCCESS WITHIN REACH, moments like these spent together with Madeleine, Clara, and the children (who now number seven) become increasingly rare. The film's narration is spoken by the real-life Charlie Foy.



FATHER for the first time, Foy returns to his old solo act, little knowing that he is to work alone once again for many long years.



LEFT. Following Madeleine's death a puzzled Foy is brought to court by Clara for taking the children into his act after an unsuccessful try at retirement.

INVITED to appear with George M. Cohan (Cagney) at renowned Elks' Club testimonial dinner, Foy achieves Broadway stardom.

RALLYING to father, children convince judge, Foy is right, and Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foys become one of America's best-loved vaudeville acts.

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Drop in the clothes and turn on the cold water

Add Rinso

Set the dials

Press the button

And go! (When you come back, wash will be done)

MALLEYS

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The only fully automatic washing machine
that does not need a hot water system

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12 lb. capacity (biggest in Australia) means you do in two loads what would mean three in any other washer—means less work (and less cost!) every week.

2. TAKES LESS OF YOUR TIME

Ten seconds after you pop in the clothes you can be on your way to town. When you come home, the washing's done, damp-dried, ready to take out!

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Malley's Automatic Twelve, the only automatic washer that beats its own water, costs pounds less to run than other machines that run off your hot water system. No hot water rationing on washday!

FULL PRICE: 171 gns. There is also a SEMI-Automatic model (single dial control) for only 142 gns. (Both prices slightly higher in country areas.) Ask your dealer about his easy terms and free installation to approved sites. He'll show you that Malley's Washers have the latest 2-motor power units that eliminate gears, clutches and other wearing parts.

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than any other machine!



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Continuing . . .

Darling Clementine

from page 9

Philip Templar had brought me from the Spanish Main . . . It was almost the first thing Fergus had noticed when she had brought him to the house in Montpelier Square. He had whispered, "Do you actually eat off it?" and she had begun to giggle, so that she could scarcely perform the introductions with decorum.

From the first Fergus and her family had disliked one another, she knew that. Although Fergus was sweet to Aunt Annabel, who was being deliberately vague and slightly idiot as only Aunt Annabel could be, polite to Uncle Saunders, who plainly showed his disapproval of Brigit's choice and made loud challenging comments about the manner in which Fergus was accustomed to being kept, and even creditably decent to Guy, who at that time was going through a revolting stage of violent superiority, he had no difficulty at first in concealing his dismay at the prospect of her family.

"Now why, with all that money of their own," he had said afterwards, "should they expect you to marry money?" Fergus himself was the son of a hard-working, honest, shrewd intelligent but poor country solicitor. His family could boast of little but their integrity, their sense of humor and their appreciation of pleasant things. It was not the sort of background that would impress a Templar, and then Brigit, meeting Fergus at an Air Force ball, began to know more than a little interested in him, Uncle Saunders had made no secret of his disapproval and disappointment. Brigit had tried to answer Fergus' question honestly and fairly.

"They have been used to it for so long. They've got into the habit of thinking it's one of the major virtues."

"It isn't, you know."

"I do know. And I haven't any, darling. Guy and I have been completely dependent on Uncle Saunders since our parents were killed in an air crash. My mother was disbarred when she married."

Fergus had suddenly looked hopeful.

"I hope the same will happen to you."

"Oh, so do I. I hate the Templar money. It was stolen to begin with, and it's gone on being amassed in horrid ways."

"Has it got blood on it?"

Fergus inquired interestedly.

"Yes, it has! Fergus, I hate my family. It's an awful thing to say, but even my mother never got over being disbarred. She was bitter and arrogant and made life quite impossible for Daddy. Sometimes she wouldn't speak for days. We were all afraid of her. Oh, darling, I'm so glad you haven't got any money."

"Enough for a cottage in the country and a new dress for my wife every Christmas."

Brigit was crying a little for happiness.

"Fergus, are you sure you still want to marry me now we've met my family?"

"Curse of the Templars and all," he said cheerfully. "Try to stop me."

Later, much later, when the elaborate wedding was over, and the cottage, picturesque and charming, had materialised, also a daily help, a dog and a cat, Brigit said to Fergus:

"Great - great - great - great grandfather Phillip murdered and plundered for his wealth, he was a pirate, so that made it more or less lawful, Great-great-great grandfather Thomas was a slave trader and enjoyed it. Great-great-grandfather Silas was more respectable. He merely starved his employees and killed his wife by subtle cruelty. Great-grandfather Andrew was decorated by Queen Victoria for his con-

tribution to industry. He was the most notorious exploiter of child labor in England. Grandfather Ernest was a spendthrift and a bad loser. He cheated at cards and had so many shameful affairs with women that he became a social outcast. Even he couldn't quite run through the family fortune, but he was very glad to have the opportunity of disowning my mother when she married my father. It saved him a marriage settlement.

"During all my childhood I listened to her hating him and planning to get even with him. I was frightened of my mother. She was so bitter and unforgetting. Can you imagine that Fergus? Being frightened of one's own mother?"

It was late at night and they were in the pleasant bedroom with its sloping timbered ceiling and daffodil printed chintzes. Moonlight was shining softly on the window and an owl was calling with a drawsy country sound.

Fergus' arm tightened round Brigit.

"And what, may I ask, is this song of hate in aid of?"

"Fergus, we're going to have a baby."

The bleakness of her voice must have startled him, for his



"The man was darn nice. He invited all us boys in, gave us each a bottle of pop and a kitten, and never even mentioned the broken window."

arm went tighter still, hurting her, and not taking time to express surprise and pleasure at her news, he said almost angrily, "It will be our baby, won't it?"

"Fergus—I have the Templar blood, the blood of robbers and murderers and child exploiters and misers and—"

His fingers on her lips stopped her desolate recital. He switched on the bedside light and then flung back the blankets and looked at her gravely and appraisingly.

"You're clean and sweet and lovely," he said. "You make me think of apple blossom or a rose just before it opens, tender and full of fragrance. I want to hold you and smell you and stroke you and listen to you laughing, and have you forever."

All the familiar laughter was gone from his eyes. They were full of gravity and tenderness such as she hadn't before been aware of.

"It will be our baby," he said. "The start of a new line, a new dynasty, if you like, but ours, the Gaye dynasty."

He kissed her long and deeply. Then the laughter was dancing in his eyes again.

"Just forget that blood and thunder stuff, will you?" he said. "I'm sorry to be so lacking in melodrama, but honestly your ancestors were probably painted larger than life. Uncle Saunders is absolutely harmless—I think he stores nuts for the winter like a squirrel. Anyway, our baby will probably have wings. And did I say,"

he went on, leaping up, "how clever we are, anyway! This calls for a celebration!"

So they sipped champagne in the pale moonlight, and then Brigit, dissolving in laughter, made Fergus hide the bottle so that Mrs. Smythe, the daily help, wouldn't find it in the bedroom in the morning. And the owl went on calling, and a plane on a night flight droned overhead, and Brigit thought of Fergus leaving early in the morning because he, too, flew planes, and now her arms tightened round him and Nicky was forgotten . . . Nicky, who was born seven months later without wings, but fair and sweet and innocent, and even more like Fergus than Brigit had dared to hope.

She almost lost her apprehension before Sarah's birth three years later. How could she keep it when Fergus reduced her terrible ancestors to mere comic opera villains by thumbing his nose at all the portraits on the stairs in the big house in Montpelier Square, and treating Aunt Annabel and Uncle Saunders in a carefree, friendly way as if they were a stuffy but harmless old couple. Guy, the budding stockbroker, who looked as if he might have the Templar cold, almost inhuman ruthlessness. Fergus looked on as a slightly irritating and silly younger brother.

When Sarah, too, was fair, sweet and innocent it looked as if the dominating Templar characteristics might really have been subdued at last.

The third baby, Brigit had almost looked forward to with a timorous pleasure.

But that was so short a time ago. It might have been a dream from which she would still awake.

She had been so happy that day. It was her birthday and they were having a party. It had to start without Fergus, who was at present a pilot on the London to Rome flight, and would not be home until late in the afternoon. But everyone else was there—Aunt Annabel and Uncle Saunders, Guy down early from the city, and some small friends of Nicky's and Sarah's.

Watching the children tumbling on the lawn, Brigit thought the garden had never looked more delightful. The peaches were ripening along the high brick wall, the roses had made a wonderful show and were going to linger late into the autumn, the heavy scent of carnations filled the warm air.

Presently there would be another baby to sleep under the umbrella of the weeping elm. She would tell Fergus tonight. He would be pleased. She knew he would. He would say, "Long live the Gaye dynasty!" and then hold her in his arms and she would try not to fall asleep the whole night long because it would be so delicious curled up in Fergus' arms listening to the owls and watching the friendly moon.

The thought made her so happy that she even smiled with complete affection at Uncle Saunders who was making no secret of his boredom at a day in the country, and obviously itching to get back to town to his mysterious lists of figures and his stock market reports. She even ignored Guy's too frequent trips into the house from which he emerged slightly flushed and smelling a little more each time of whisky.

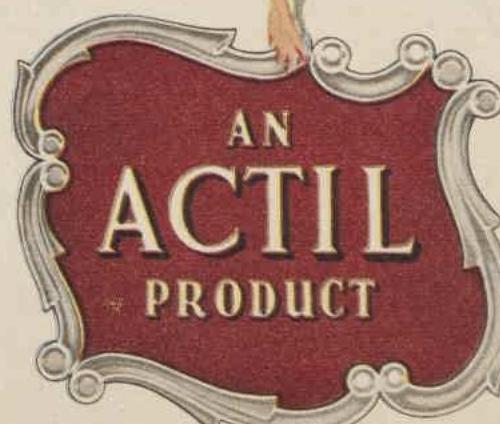
Guy was drinking too much and his eyes had an evasive look. He didn't talk to her about anything that mattered, but Guy always had been secretive. He used to hide his toys so no one else could play with them. Since her marriage to

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Wake up lady! There's more to a sheet than meets the eye. Things like strength, threads to the inch, weight, sizes, purity of cotton content, bleaching. Things that are all carefully taken care of in the making of Actil Sheets and Pillow Cases to produce the finest, longest-wearing, snow-white sheets and pillow cases your money can buy. *The Actil label is your guarantee of quality.*



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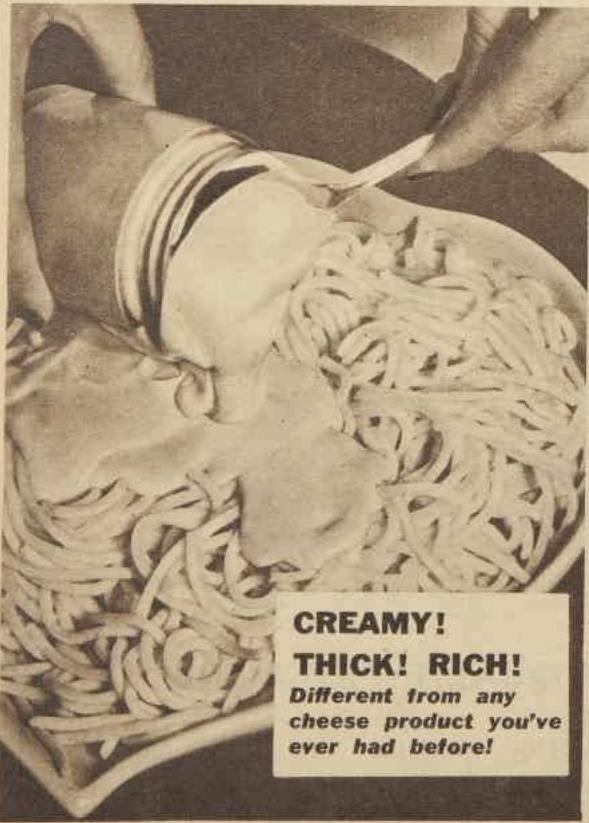
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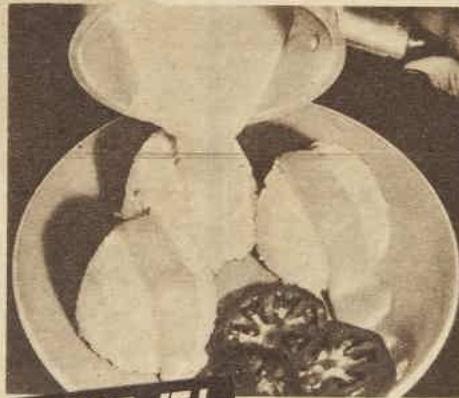
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Continuing . . .

Darling Clementine

from page 51

Fergus, Brigit had been able to look on Guy's idiosyncrasies as slightly comic, and not to be interpreted as major diseases, as she had once thought them. A good wife, Fergus had said easily, was all the boy needed.

Brigit wondered if it was her six years away from the house in Montpelier Square that made her relatives seem to her a little more queer each time she saw them. Aunt Annabel, for instance, had lately become wrapped up in a society dedicated to the welfare of animals and was filling the house with cats. She was beginning to look rather like an untidy Persian herself, Brigit thought, with her mass of coarse smoke-grey hair that defied pins, her peculiarly colored pale green eyes, and her habit of wearing a somewhat draggled fur cape draped crookedly over her shoulders. Once she had been a beauty. What had Uncle Saunders, with his immense preoccupation with money, done to her to make her thin dowdy, vague, obsessed person, old before her time?

"Brigit, dear," she was saying now, "you really work too hard. Fergus should get you more help."

"We can't really afford it," Brigit answered cheerfully.

"Then you must ask Saunders for money. Goodness knows, he has plenty. Though really he has been behaving in the oddest way lately. He hides the housekeeping money. Each week I have to look for it."

"Hides it?"

"It's just his idea of a little joke. One has to be amused, of course. It's only fair. And besides he does show ingenuity. One week he will choose an easy place, and the next it will be so difficult that Mrs. Hatchett and I have to spend the entire morning searching."

"And what happens if you can't find it?" Brigit asked, fascinated.

"That's the game, of course. Then I forfeit it."

"You mean he doesn't give it to you that week?"

"No, I have to make do," Aunt Annabel said serenely. "Saunders said we had to cut down expenses and this is his way of doing it. He always liked little jokes, you know."

Brigit looked at the grey head and high red forehead of Uncle Saunders behind "The Times." She remembered when she was a child that Uncle Saunders had had odd skittish occasions that she had found oddly frightening, but she had thought that he must long ago have outgrown them.

"Don't you find it awfully irritating?"

"Actually I do," Aunt Annabel confided, in a whisper, giving a quick, nervous glance towards her husband. "But I have to pretend I enjoy it as much as he does, otherwise I doubt if he'd give me any money at all. And really, I find it awfully hard as it is to run that big house with only Mrs. Hatchett and Lorna."

"She clasped her hands in her lap. "It's just his peculiar sense of humor. I remember one night on our honeymoon there was a frog in the bed. He swore he knew nothing about it, but he must have, of course."

"Aunt Annabel! That wasn't a joke!"

"Well, no." Again her eyes flicked towards her husband. "It's a pity we never had children. I think he always blamed me."

Brigit was suddenly filled with pity for the aunt who had given her a home and mothered her in a detached, ineffectual way. She had always been too

preoccupied with her committees and social occasions to bother much about two orphaned children. But perhaps she had been seeking her way of escape, too. Of recent years she had given up her social life because Uncle Saunders, with his growing miserliness, had said it cost too much, and now her refuge was animals. One didn't need to wear model gowns to impress a stray cat, she said mildly.

She really looked much sweeter as an untidy old cat, Brigit decided, than as a wealthy philanthropist opening a hospital.

Guy broke into her thoughts.

"What did Fergus give you for your birthday?" he asked. Guy was good-looking in a thin, rather boneless, way. He had the black Templar brows, prominent cheekbones, and a beautiful, sensuous mouth. His chin was, perhaps, a little indefinite, and there was something in his eyes, an evasiveness, a coldness that disturbed Brigit.

Because she was older than him and had always mothered him, Brigit felt a deep bond between herself and her brother. But sometimes she felt that she didn't know him at all. This fact disturbed her and made her feel curiously guilty, as if she had failed him in some way. If she had not failed him he would have surely have been less secretive.

"Fergus hasn't given me anything yet," she said lightly, in answer to Guy's question. "After all, I haven't seen him today. He'll be here soon."

All her happiness, forgotten for a moment in her vague uneasiness about Guy, came flooding back. She laughed at herself for her girlish silliness. Why should she be so excited because Fergus, whom she had seen only yesterday, would shortly climb out of his shabby red sports car at the gate and come striding in to join the party? Was it natural to be so much in love with one's husband after six years of marriage?

Natural or not, Brigit told herself, it was the most utterly lovely thing in the world. She wanted to hold forever this sunny day with the flowers blooming and the children's voices and the shadow like a shawl under the weeping elm where the new baby would sleep, and the sense of delicious anticipation that filled her. Soon Fergus would be here . . .

"I'm sorry I couldn't give you a larger present, my dear," Uncle Saunders boomed from behind "The Times."

"But, Uncle, you gave me a hundred pounds. That's a tremendous present." It was, too, to her. She was going to put it in the bank for the new baby.

"Only a trifle," said Uncle Saunders. "But money's difficult now. I have to be careful. Your aunt knows that."

Aunt Annabel gave a deep purring chuckle.

"So ingenious, dear. In the coffee pot this morning. It was the Sevres set. We might never have found it, but Mrs. Hatchett was careless enough to break the pot we normally use, and we had to use the Sevres. And there was the housekeeping money. Such a joke!"

Uncle Saunders scowled, as if he were disappointed, then reluctantly gave his great bark of laughter because he always laughed at his own jokes. Would he truly have taken back the money and made Aunt

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AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21—APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are May 27 and 28. Wear a hat, or scarf, of mauve or amethyst; it will have a favorable influence on your plans.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21—MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are May 24 and 27. A small bunch of violets or pansies, or a bow of violet ribbon, will help you in any business matter.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21—JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are May 25 and 27. Sunshine, or daffodil, yellow in your blouse will increase your personal magnetism and success.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22—JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are May 25 and 28. Any costume or dress, of rough textured materials, combining threads of different colors, is helpful.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23—AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are May 28 and 29. Black and white effects, particularly a white collar, or blouse, worn with black, will attract romance.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are May 28 and 30. Oyster, pearl-grey, particularly in gloves, or bag, will attract favorable business or social vibrations.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. The traveller who wears wood-brown, coco, or beige will experience pleasant journeys, happy arrivals, and good times.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are May 24 and 25. All shades of rose, from pale pink to ashes of rose, will bring success to hopes and wishes.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are May 27 and 28. Wear green of a bright hue in belt or shoes and the admiration of the opposite sex is yours.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are May 26 and 28. Royal or electric-blue, quince designs, amusing ornaments, will give you the gay confidence you need.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are May 24 and 26. Brilliant red lipstick, a skirt with a tartan with a red line, will bring romantic attraction.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are May 25 and 30. Soft pastel blues, in fabrics which drape gracefully, help the hostess to look her very best.

★ Careful planning will be necessary, if you expect to carry out all your ideas. Interruptions may be frequent, but enjoyable, and interviews should be satisfactory.

★ This is the time to buy, or sell goods or services. The market place is your best field of action at present. The bargain hunter will rejoice.

★ Keep health and vitality at a high level, for the enthusiasm with which you handle your job is the key to increasingly valuable business contacts.

★ You may prefer to remain in the background, willing to do a fair share of the work, but with an eye to the money side rather than prestige or publicity angles.

★ Friends influence your affairs. They may suggest an opening with scope for your talents, or this may dissuade you from embarking upon a losing proposition.

★ Many of you are facing interesting possibilities, and the boss may have you in mind for a better job. Voluntary workers experienced a triumph.

★ Learn all you can, through study, and watching others, so that you increase your qualifications and are prepared for a step up the career ladder.

★ Not altogether pleased with your finances? You can improve it through a systematic effort and you may be helped by a little windfall, which makes a wish easy.

★ Consult with friends, associates, the marriage partner. Persuade others to work with you for mutual advantage, and listen to advice supplementing your own knowledge.

★ Lots of hard work, but you're no slacker. You'll earn anything you get just now, but you are also building up skills for the future. A minor ambition may be attained.

★ That stroke of luck is coming your way, but think it over before you grab it. It could mean giving up associations or tasks you enjoy, yet it would bring in more money.

★ Your job will be most successful, if you can do it at home. It is likely to mean smoother sailing if you work at it alone during hours when interruptions are rare.

★ Home may be just a place to sleep and refresh. You are likely to be roaming far afield from your regular haunts, and this will bring new ideas, fresh interests.

★ If you're a home hunter, you may draw a prize with special attractions. If you're doing a bit of renovating, with help from publications, you'll surprise yourself.

★ You may shut yourself up, since your home is your castle, and consider what your next move should be, especially if recent social experiences have been disappointing.

★ Home ties may bind too closely at times, yet kindness to an older person may be the key to a pleasant atmosphere in your domestic surroundings and bring aid.

★ Visitors, friends and neighbors play an important part in your life. You may have little time to yourself, but you are linking up with congenial people.

★ Either home is just a springboard from which to dive into all kinds of new activities, or you make it headquarters for meeting associates, and transacting business.

★ Quite a few of you will be attracted by arts and crafts classes, or by books and magazines which are concerned with beautifying your place of residence.

★ Try to supplement the amount of money you can spend on your home, or wardrobe, with personal efforts. Yours is a creative sign; you may have undiscovered gifts.

★ Your family will take first place in your activities this week. You may entertain for them, or you may not them. Gardening is very well attended.

★ It's a mistake to look on your home as merely the scene of never-ending labor. Make it interesting by trying out new dishes on the family, or changing routine.

★ Perhaps you are busy with a children's party, or you may, if a teenager, be helping to manufacture a costume for a fancy dress party. There will be much gaiety.

★ That domestic revolution is probably under way, with the family grumbling mildly at consequent upheavals. There is excitement and rosy plans.

★ Concern over the health of one you love may be natural, but exaggerated worry is harmful. Strive for calmness and serenity; knowing the emergency will pass.

★ Engagements are in the boom. Many of you will be setting a date for the wedding. If married, an addition to the family, or children gain distinction.

★ If still single, you may invite the girl, or boy, friend home to tea and to meet your folks. If married, a new home, or improvements to your residence coming.

★ Early to bed with a book may be your idea of a good time at present. You're storing up energy for your next social whirl, and have pleasant anticipations.

★ Should the beloved be absent for a short period, letters become important. Are yours like you or merely conventional? You may take a short journey.

★ A gift, or an important announcement involving changes in the domestic routine, or some practical business undertaking, may be the chief topic of conversation.

★ If you're in love, propose. If you're a girl, set the stage for him to pop the question. If married, expect harmony, or an addition to the family.

★ Shy folks like you may be garrulous in love, yet fear your affections are not returned. If you are shy in the presence of the loved one, try a friendly attitude.

★ The first dawnings of young love are beautiful. If you're a teetotaler, you may now experience an exceptionally happy chapter. Do not be in haste to bring it to a climax.

★ The one you love may escort you to an important function or you may introduce him to your crowd. Love affairs on such occasions tend to be hasty off.

★ If eligible, wedding bells. If a young married, all sorts of interesting plans will be worked out, probably in connection with your home.

★ There may be a barrier between you and the one you love, caused by forces beyond your control. Try to find a solution which is fair and lasting to both parties.

★ Called upon to make a considerable sacrifice for the one you love, you are likely to do it generously and without complaint. Your reward will be appreciation.

★ Concern over the health of one you love may be natural, but exaggerated worry is harmful. Strive for calmness and serenity; knowing the emergency will pass.

★ Engagements are in the boom. Many of you will be setting a date for the wedding. If married, an addition to the family, or children gain distinction.

★ You're popular right now and acting out more than usual. Young subjects may revel in theatre-going, or amateur acting. Older relatives are lucky.

★ You'll strut on the social scene, and you may lay down the law in no uncertain terms. They'll accept your opinion and admire you for the stand you take.

★ Too many arrangements may keep your social life at boiling point: there is some danger of double banking unless you are careful to note time, place, and person.

★ Missing business with pleasure, or associating chiefly with those who work near you, or neighbors, you may find such activities for good causes crowned with success.

★ You're going to please yourself, what you do and when you do it. Perhaps you will refuse to stick to any schedule at all, but depend on chance and impulse.

★ A certain slackening of recent social activities may give you a welcome break in which to catch up with neglected tasks, home, or personal affairs and correspondence.

★ There may be more fun in the company of old, intimate friends than in attending big functions of a formal kind. You may renew contacts neglected of late.

★ The spotlight is centred on you in your social group. Your abilities as a leader may be given full scope, and decisions involving others may require quick thinking.

★ Some ambition which you have long cherished may be attained now. It could be admission to some club, or you may become a member of a committee.

★ Your horizon is certain to be peopled with members of the opposite sex. If young, dancing may be a feature, if older, cards. Evening parties should be successful.

★ A tendency to cultivate those who could be of use to you in voluntary work may color your outlook; beware of those who promise much and give little.

★ You're popular right now and acting out more than usual. Young subjects may revel in theatre-going, or amateur acting. Older relatives are lucky.

★ You'll strut on the social scene, and you may lay down the law in no uncertain terms. They'll accept your opinion and admire you for the stand you take.

★ Early to bed with a book may be your idea of a good time at present. You're storing up energy for your next social whirl, and have pleasant anticipations.



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"Hands still baby-smooth though she washes every day"

says Aunt Jenny.

"She has lovely hands," Aunt Jenny said of young Mrs. B. Hughes, after visiting her home at Therry Street, Avalon, N.S.W. "When I told her so, Mrs. Hughes smiled and replied: 'That says a lot for Velvet, Aunt Jenny, because I've been married for over three years and during the last nine months I've done baby's washing every day—on top of the weekly wash and the usual daily round of washing-up.'"



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... and Velvet's so kind to my hands!



Hands in water every day? Then take care to use good, pure Velvet Soap for every household job—for washing clothes, dishes and floors. Velvet's extra soapy suds get everything *really* clean . . . make clothes last longer . . . and are simply wonderful for dishwashing. Velvet is so pure, so gentle, it keeps your hands pretty to see.



Save money—BUY THE BIG ECONOMY BAR.

Annabel scrape through the week on almost nothing? Brigit had a fantastic vision of him sitting up late at night in a dark room in the basement with a bag of sovereigns, a sprawling Nero counting and gloating. Was he perhaps a little mad?

Aunt Annabel had forgotten the subject of money and was back on her present obsession, her cats.

"No one really likes them except me," she confided, "so I have to give them extra affection. I've taken the furniture out of the studio so they can use it to scamper about as much as they please. We have a committee meeting once a month."

"You and the cats," Brigit said bewilderedly.

"No, dear, the society members and I. We report all the animals we have helped to save during the month, and really you'd be surprised—"

Brigit had an absurd vision of alley cats crouching primly over Moody and Sankey hymn books, and longed for Fergus with whom to share the joke. Fortunately, Nicky, tugging at her skirt, saved her from laughing outright at Aunt Annabel's amiable nonsense.

"Mummy, when will Daddy be home?"

"Soon, darling." "Mummy, will you like his present better than mine and Sarah's?"

Nicky's and Sarah's gift, carefully chosen in the village with the assistance of Mrs. Smythe, had been a gilt brooch set with tiny blue stones in the shape of forget-me-nots. Bright was wearing it now.

"I shouldn't think so, darling. It would have to be very beautiful if I did."

"You're still crazy about Fergus, aren't you?" came Guy's drawling voice. "What are you going to do if he falls in love with another woman?"

"Give him his freedom, I expect," Brigit answered light-heartedly. She was completely unable to take his question seriously.

"Mummy, Mummy!" Nicky shouted. "Here's Daddy now!" "Daddy coming!" echoed

Continuing . . .

Darling Clementine

from page 52

baby Sarah, making her slow, sure progress on her fat legs towards the gate.

The other children, six of them of varying ages, followed, and when the dusty red car drew up and Fergus leaped out, he was surrounded with children. So that at first Brigit, hurrying away from the others to meet him, thought he was unaccompanied.

It was only when he had cleared the children, like lapping waves about him, away that Brigit saw the small dark girl standing beside him.

She was a complete stranger.

Fergus put his arm about her, leading her towards Brigit. She came meekly like a child. "My birthday present for you, darling," he said gaily. "This is Prissie."

Her name was Priscilla Hawke. It was not until later that Brigit saw that she was much more than a child. Her hair, which was dark and straight, she wore cut short, with a brief fringe that shortened the height of her forehead, and balanced her face. It was a small face, slightly hollow-cheeked. The dark brows over the wide, eager eyes were slanted slightly, giving the girl an elfin look.

Her figure was elfin, too. She looked like a twelve-year-old until one perceived the maturity in her face. That only leapt out at odd moments, rather disturbingly. Most of the time Prissie was smiling in that eager little girl manner that Fergus clearly found enchanting.

"She's an air hostess turned mother's help," Fergus explained. "She wants a job with a pleasant family, so I've brought her down to see you."

Fergus, towering over the girl, was obviously very pleased with himself. Brigit's first qualm of distrust (was it distrust?) vanished, and she smiled welcomingly at Prissie.

"But how sweet of you to want to come to us. Are you sure you want to be a mother's

help after flying? I thought being an air hostess was such a glamorous job."

Prissie wrinkled her minia-ture nose. "Not so glamorous if you get air-sick when it's bumpy. I thought I'd get over that, but I haven't. And really what I love most is children. Which are yours, Mrs. Gaye?"

Brigit called to Nicky.

"Come here, darling. Bring Sarah." As Nicky came, dragging the unwilling Sarah who had decided to swing on the

small son—considering. Who was this dark-haired, dark-eyed girl who had been presented like a whirlwind to them? Why had Fergus decided to bring her here without one word to her first? And, anyway, could they afford her—nice as it would be to have a pleasant person in the house with Fergus away so much and a new baby coming.

Which are yours, Mrs. Gaye?"

Fergus didn't know yet about the baby . . . So it wasn't that that had made him decide Brigit needed help.

"I'll take over the children right away, Mrs. Gaye," the



"Would you care to scan at the menu?"

gate, Prissie went down on her knees to them.

"These two? These little blondes? But how adorable!" She ruffled their heads and smiled engagingly at them. Sarah, plump and placid, gave her wide, friendly smile in return. Nicky, shyer and more wary, drew back a little, staring.

"Say hallo to Prissie, Nick," said Fergus. "She may be looking after you from now on."

"I know millions of stories," said Prissie. "Simply millions."

Nicky stared, considering.

Brigit thought to herself that she was the same as her

girl was saying. "You have your husband just home." Her hands were drawing the children away. She was giving that wide, irresistible smile.

"But you!" Brigit protested. "You've just arrived. You'll want to wash and see your room——"

Which was Prissie's room?

Why had she suddenly said so

surely that there was actually a room for her?

Fergus' arm was round her waist. "Prissie will be all right. She's used to finding her way about. I haven't

spoken to your family nor you." His eyes rested on her. He

bent his head to kiss her and his lips lingered. "Happy birthday, my darling."

There were too many people watching, Brigit thought. But she didn't care. Fergus was her husband and she had been waiting all day for him. She returned his kiss warmly, then turned to take him over to Aunt Annabel and Uncle Saunders.

Aunt Annabel promptly said, "Who's that child you brought, Fergus? Is she one of the neighbor's children?"

Brigit looked towards the dark-haired girl who already had the children in an absorbed group about her.

"She's not a child, Aunt Annabel. She's what you said I needed, a mother's help. Fergus has given me a surprise."

Uncle Saunders' head was turned and he was watching Prissie with interest. When he turned back, his pale eyes had the poulterer, sly, suggestive look that attractive young women always aroused in him.

"Can you afford this, Fergus? Servants cost the devil of a lot these days."

"Yes, darling, I've just been telling Aunt Annabel we couldn't afford any more help," said Brigit.

"Brigit is alone too much," Fergus answered. "I've meant to do this for a long time. If Brigit likes Prissie, certainly we can afford it. But if she'd rather," his mischievous smile flashed out, "she can have some diamond earrings."

Guy's eyes followed Prissie and rested on her with interest.

"But why this girl, Fergus?" Was his voice more pointed than it need have been? Was he suggesting that Fergus need not have selected such an oddly attractive girl? But where Uncle Saunders was openly, joyously bawdy, Guy made those not quite pleasant remarks with underlying meanings. It was just a habit he had. Brigit told herself, a defense against the world which had always frightened him a little. As an older sister she knew a great deal more about her brother than he suspected.

"Yes, why so suddenly?" Aunt Annabel inquired. "Shouldn't Brigit have interviewed her in the usual way? This is so out of order. And she looks far too young."

"Why should one run one's life like a committee meeting?" Fergus asked good-naturedly. "Brigit and I always like the same people. Anyway, it was to be a surprise. Prissie understands that she's here on approval. She's quite happy about the idea."

He looked baffled for a moment and Fergus baffled was endearingly young himself. He had thought this would be such a unique and wonderful present. She couldn't disappoint him even if she was, obscurely, not quite happy about Prissie's so sudden advent. She put her hand in his.

"Prissie is my birthday present, Aunt Annabel. I think she's going to be a priceless one. Think of all the spare time I will have at last. I can really do things with the garden. Oh, and——"

She stopped suddenly, remembering that the baby was still a secret. It would be so wonderful to have help now that there was going to be a new baby. Fergus must have had an intuition. Suddenly she couldn't wait any longer to tell him. She tugged at his hand.

"Darling, come inside and help me with drinks."

"Guy will help," said Aunt Annabel. "I want Fergus to talk to me. He never has time, always rushing off to catch a plane. And he might know what to do for fur falling out."

"Fur!" Fergus echoed.

"Cat's fur, dear. My latest find, that poor sweet marmalade——"

Brigit firmly pulled her husband away.

"I want Fergus, Aunt Annabel. He mixes a better martini than Guy."

"Can they afford martinis as well as mother's helps?" Uncle Saunders' voice boomed after

To page 63

For that velour-like flannelette
that wears . . . and wears . . . and wears

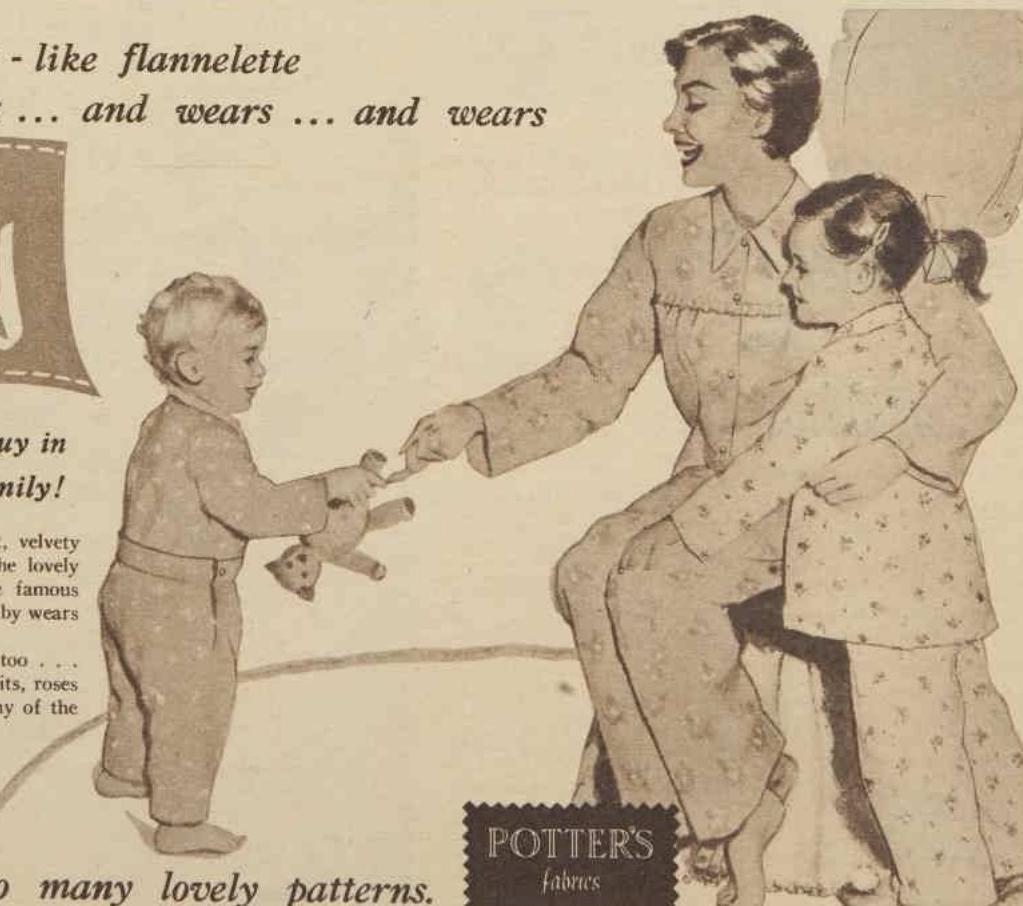
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 25, 1955



So washable, so practical, so many lovely patterns.

POTTER'S
fabrics

Page 55



Betty King introduces

a new

soup

Betty King, Home Economist
of World Brands



Continental
BRAND

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP

A PREPARED
SOUP MIX

COOKS IN
10 MINUTES

IMPORTANT!
SEE BACK COOKING
DIRECTIONS ON BACK

SAVOURY! CREAMY! APPETISING! CELERY SOUP
CONTAINING TENDER, JUICY PIECES OF CELERY

Specially made for
all the people who like
a thick creamy soup with
the delicious flavour
of fresh celery



"From South Australia comes the finest celery of all —
long, fat stalks of unsurpassed sweetness and tenderness," says Betty King.

"Continental brand Cream of Celery Soup is blended to velvet smoothness and delicately seasoned. It's a soup with all the flavour, colour and aroma of the best home-made.

"You could make soup like it. But think of the trouble — and the expense. With Continental brand Cream of Celery, all you have to do is blend the contents of the packet with water and a little milk."

Continental brand Cream of Celery is at your grocer's now. Do go and get some. Betty King guarantees its goodness.

One packet makes 4 BIG BOWLS
of nourishing, creamy Celery Soup
in ONLY 10 MINUTES.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

If you do not feel Continental brand Cream of Celery Soup fulfills the claims made for it, return the empty package to me, Betty King, Box 3680 G.P.O., Sydney, and I will refund the full amount you paid for it.

**Crisp...Light...Scrumptious
and only 1/7d. lb.**

says *Betty King*

MAKE THESE BISCUITS THE
EASY, EASY "COPHA" WAY



Home Economist of
World Brands Pty. Ltd.

JUMBLES

Ingredients: 4 ozs. (½ cup) sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 6 ozs. (1½ cups) self-raising flour, ½ level teaspoon salt, 3 ozs. "Copha" shortening.

Method: Place sugar, egg, vanilla and half

sifted flour and salt in a basin.

Melt "Copha"; it should be barely warm

—not hot—and add to ingredients in basin.

Beat for 2 minutes, then mix in remaining flour.

Shape into balls and roll in sugar, coconut,

chopped nuts or nougat.

Place on greased slides, leaving space for

the biscuits to spread slightly during cooking.

Some may be topped with a cherry if desired.

Bake in a moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.

CARNIVAL CREAMS

Ingredients: 3 ozs. sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon

vanilla, 7 ozs. (1½ cups) self-raising flour, ½ level teaspoon salt, 3 ozs. "Copha" shortening.

Method: Place sugar, egg, vanilla and half

sifted flour and salt in a basin.

Add melted "Copha," which must be barely

warm—not hot.

Beat 2 minutes, then mix in remaining flour.

Roll thinly on a floured board and cut into

biscuit shapes. Place on greased slides.

Bake in a moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes.

Join, when cool, with mock cream.



For Better Biscuits

AS A WRAPPER



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN WEEKLY

By
LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert



RAISINS... AND OTHER DRIED FRUITS

DRIED fruits make healthful, delicious desserts. They are very appetising in savory dishes, too, as the following recipes show.

Only the best quality fruit is chosen for drying. The mineral and roughage value is equal to that of fresh fruit.

One pound of dried fruit equals 3 to 4 pounds fresh fruit when soaked and cooked—this makes it economical, especially when fresh fruit is either out of season or expensive.

Some of the dishes on this page were served at a dinner given during the recent Raisin Festival Week in Mildura, Victoria.

All spoon measurements are level.

PORK WITH APPLE AND RAISIN STUFFING

(A leg or a boned and rolled shoulder of pork makes a delicious roast stuffed with this tasty mixture.)

About 5lb. of pork, 1 small onion, 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 3 cups chopped apple (peeled and cored), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 4 tablespoons seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Chop the onion and brown lightly in the butter. Add remainder of ingredients, mix well, and season to taste. Use this to stuff the pork.



The vitamin value of sun-dried fruits is high—so include them in the menu as often as possible.

Stand pork on a rack in baking-dish, fat side up. Score fat and brush with oil to give good crackling. Cook in a very moderate oven, allowing 40 to 45 minutes' cooking time per pound, longer time for boned meat. Serve with brown gravy.

CHOCOLATE RAISIN MOULD

(Serve with whipped cream or ice-cream for a special dessert.)

Three cups milk, 3 tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 cup seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup

chopped stoned prunes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped mixed peel, pinch salt, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons hot water.

Bring milk and cocoa to boiling point. Add sugar, fruit, mixed peel, and salt; simmer in the cocoa mixture for 3 or 4 minutes, stirring frequently. Allow to cool slightly. Dissolve gelatine in the hot water, stir into the cocoa-fruit mixture with the vanilla. Pour into a mould rinsed with cold water, chill until set. Turn out and serve with cream or ice-cream.

DEVILLED RAISINS

(These are good served with a glass of sherry before dinner.)

Four ounces seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon olive oil, salt, cayenne pepper.

Separate raisins carefully. Heat olive oil in a shallow pan, add raisins and cook a few minutes, shaking frequently. When plumped, drain on absorbent paper, sprinkle with salt and cayenne mixed. Serve either hot or cold.

GRAPEFRUIT AND RAISIN COCKTAIL

(Serve as the first course for dinner.)

Four or five small grapefruit halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon dry sherry, seeded raisins.

Combine raisins, orange juice, and sherry (add enough raisins to be just covered by the juice), and chill until serving time. Prepare grapefruit halves by cutting pulp from the skin and white pith. Remove the white core in the centre, loosen segments. Chill. When ready to serve, remove raisins from the liquid and fill into centre of grapefruit, adding a little of the juice.

RAISIN CREAM PIE

(A rich, creamy filling in a baked pastry-shell with a fluffy meringue topping.)

One 8in. cooked pastry-case, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 dessertspoon butter, 4 tablespoons castor sugar, pinch salt.

Blend brown sugar and cornflour with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the milk, add beaten egg-yolks. Put remaining milk in a double boiler and bring nearly to the boil, then slowly add egg mix-

ture and stir constantly until mixture thickens. Add raisins and butter and stir until butter has melted. Add vanilla. Pour into pastry-case. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, add castor sugar and beat until sugar is dissolved. Spread roughly over raisin filling and bake in a slow oven until meringue is set and pale golden color.

FRUITED POT ROAST

(The combination of flavors is delicious.)

Three pounds corner-cut topside, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 onions, salt, 1 cup cider, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried apricots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup prunes, 4 cloves, 2 sweet potatoes.

Brown meat thoroughly on all sides in the hot fat. Add onions and salt and cook until golden, add cider and water. Cover closely and cook over very low heat about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Add apricots, prunes, cloves, and sweet potatoes (cut into thick slices). Cover again and continue cooking until potatoes are tender, about 30 minutes. Remove meat and sweet potatoes and thicken gravy slightly with blended flour.

COATED PRUNES

(A delicious finish for a meal.)

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of prunes overnight, cook them until they are soft, then drain them and remove the stones. Prepare a batter of 4oz. of flour, 2 eggs, 1oz. of sugar, a pinch of salt, and enough milk to make a thick, creamy mixture. Beat well, dip the prunes into it, and drop them one by one into shallow hot fat. Fry them on both sides until golden brown. Dust with 1 tablespoon of sugar mixed with 1 teaspoon of sifted cocoa, and serve at once.

FRUITED pot roast is an unusual and appetising savory dish which incorporates prunes and dried apricots. Try it — you'll enjoy the flavor.



Butterscotch buns win £5

• Butterscotch gives a delicious flavor touch to these fruit-and-nut bun rolls which win this week's £5 prize.

SERVED as an afternoon tea treat these miniature buns are good with butter or cottage cheese.

A simple chicken dish cooked in the French manner wins a consolation prize for a South Australian reader.

Any time is a good time to enter your favorite recipe in our weekly contest.

Write or type entries on one side of the paper only and be sure to include full name, address, and State on every page. Address your entries to Recipe Contest and send to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

All spoon measurements are level.

FRUIT-AND-NUT BUNS

Three and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 dessert-spoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1/2 cup chopped



FRUIT-AND-NUT BUNS are delicious served with butter. A thin gelatine glaze gives them a glossy finish. See prize-winning recipe on this page.

raisins, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, extra 2 oz. butter, 1/2 cup brown sugar.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Beat eggs, add milk, fold into dry ingredients, mixing to a soft dough. Roll out to 1/4 in. thick, and cut into lengthwise strips 5 in. wide.

Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed together, then raisins and nuts. Roll up firmly from the long side. Cut into slices 1/4 in. thick. Grease two 8-in. sandwich-tins, spread with the extra butter, and brown sugar creamed together. Arrange buns, cut side up, close together in tins. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Remove from oven and brush with hot sugar syrup in which a little gelatine has been dissolved.

Prepare chicken in usual way, brown on all sides in hot shortening in a heavy saucepan. Pour brandy over and ignite. When flame has subsided add wine, water, seasonings, thickly sliced tomato, quartered onion, and sliced carrot. Cover closely and simmer approximately 2 to 2 1/2 hours, depending on size of chicken. Towards end of cooking time add peeled and sliced mushrooms if used. Serve the unstrained cooking liquid as a sauce with the chicken.

First Prize of £5 to Miss M. Nixon, 25 Ashby St., Fairfield S3, South Brisbane.

POULET NIEVROISE

One chicken, 2 tablespoons good shortening, 1 wineglass brandy, 1 cup white wine, 1/2 cup water, salt and pepper to

FAMILY DISH

A QUICK-MIX meat-loaf, using left-over cold meat extended with sausage meat, makes this week's appetising family dish. It costs 3/6 and serves four.

Two tablespoons rice, 2 or 3 bacon rinds, thin piece lemon rind, 1 lb. sausage meat, 1 to 1 1/2 cups chopped cooked cold meat or a small tin luncheon meat, 1 small onion, 1 tomato, salt, pepper, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley, 1 egg.

Wash rice, cover with 1/2 in. boiling salted water, add bacon rinds and lemon rind. Cover closely and cook 10 minutes. Meanwhile place sausage meat and cold meat in basin. Season, add chopped tomato and finely chopped onion, mix well. Drain rice, remove lemon rind and bacon rinds. Add rice to meat with egg and parsley. Mix thoroughly, fill into greased loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Serve with gravy or hot tomato sauce.

HANDY TIPS



FASTEN a loop of old inner tube around the top of your stepladder, as shown, to hold tools being used. This simple aid also leaves both hands free to move the ladder.



WHEN a slide fastener does not run smoothly, put a little petroleum jelly on a thin stick and push it down into the holes on each side of the gadget that closes the lugs. Close the slide halfway, add a little more lubricant, finish closing the slide, and wipe away excess petroleum jelly. Move the slide back and forth several times.

Depend on this hearty casserole to satisfy four hungry people—and give them good nourishment and delicious flavour as well!

BARBECUED CHOPS

—the tasty Bonox way

INGREDIENTS:

2 lbs. chuck chops; 1 medium onion, chopped; 2 dessert-spoons shortening or cooking oil; 1/2 cup diced celery; dash pepper.

SAUCE:

1 teaspoon curry powder; 2 dessert-spoons brown sugar; 2 dessert-spoons vinegar; 1 dessert-spoon Worcester sauce; 1/2 cup tomato sauce; 1/2 cup water; 2 dessert-spoons Bonox.

METHOD:

Brown chops in hot oil or shortening. Add onion and brown in pan with meat. Add vinegar, sugar, tomato sauce, water. Worcester sauce, curry powder, Bonox and pepper. Stir well and add celery. Bring to the boil and pour into a casserole. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (350°) for 1 hour. Serves 4. When you cook with Bonox, your family and friends will all notice the difference—that extra-satisfying, "meaty" flavour Bonox gives to casseroles and stews. Add it to your soups and gravies, too...you'll find delicious Bonox wonderful for all savoury cooking.



Give your cooking a flavour lift with **BONOX**

Keep Bonox handy in your kitchen. Spread it on roasts and steaks...add it to soups, stews and gravies. Bonox adds the concentrated goodness of rich prime beef to all your cooking. Available everywhere in 2, 4, 8, 16 and 28 oz. jars. Eat it and drink it for a lift! KBSQ



ROUGH COMPANY

By Donald Hamilton

The novel Columbia Pictures used for their big film "THE VIOLENT MEN."

The plot—a greedy land-owner's fight against small-holders led by his daughter and John Parrish, ex-Army captain.

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GOOD posture and good health depend largely on good feet, and the early care of a baby's feet cannot be overstressed.

In the pre-natal stage, a well-balanced diet with plenty of calcium, minerals, and one rich in vitamins is necessary to ensure healthy bones.

In infancy be sure that the limbs are not cramped in any way. Watch for the time when

Mothercraft

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

a baby gets too long for the bassinet or his pram.

Never use shrunken and tight woollen booties, and don't encourage a baby to find his feet too early, especially in the case of a big, heavy child.

There are certain foot exercises for a baby that will

strengthen the toe and foot muscles, and early general massage of the legs and ankles is very helpful.

A leaflet on the early care of baby's feet, together with some simple foot exercises, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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Delicious Jams and Conserves

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Your family will love the fresh fruity flavour of Cottee's New Fig Conserve—it's truly a luxury conserve at a price everybody can afford. See those big, chunky pieces of fig! It's delicious, different and a NEW taste treat you must enjoy to-day!



Why not try a breakfast surprise to-morrow morning? Serve the family Cottee's Black Currant Jelly made with big plump berries, so fresh, so flavoursome. Look for all Cottee's jams and conserves in the vacuum-sealed glass jars with the Red, White & Blue label.



Mail coupon for your copy of "Fun and Fare," Cottee's famous Children's Party Book. 40 pages of ideas and recipes (many in natural colour). Send 1/- (postal note or stamps) to Cottee's Passions Limited, P.O. Box 28, Leichhardt, N.S.W.

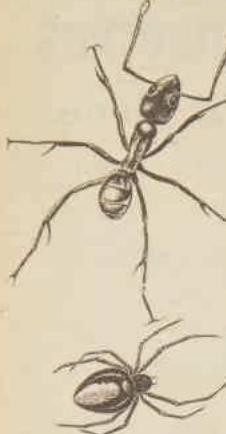
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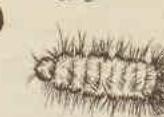
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Control ANTS, COCKROACHES



SPIDERS, SILVERFISH, CARPET BEETLES,
CLOTHES MOTHS, TERMITES, INSECT PESTS
OF LAWNS AND EXTERNAL PARASITES
OF LIVESTOCK AND DOMESTIC ANIMALS
SUCH AS LICE, TICKS AND MITES



CHEK-PEST CHLORDANE

The world's most versatile pesticide



Marketed exclusively
throughout
Australia by

HOUGHTON & BYRNE

The firm with 35 years'
experience in
scientific pest control

CHLORDANE FOR HOUSEHOLD PESTS

Use a 2% spray made by mixing the 4-oz. bottle of Chek-Pest with 1 gallon of water.

★ Argentine and Other Ants

Spray wherever ants are active inside. Thoroughly spray base of outside walls to a height of 12 ins. and also treat a strip 12 ins. wide extending outward from wall. Also spray edges of paths and garden beds and bases of fences, shrubs and trees. Spray nests wherever they occur.

★ Cockroaches

Spray cracks and crevices in cupboards, behind tubs, sinks, etc., and other places where cockroaches shelter.

★ Carpet Beetles, Silverfish and Clothes Moths

Spray a strip 6 ins. wide out from the skirting board until the surface is slightly wet. Lightly spray rest of carpet and treat curtains and other fabrics in the same way.

★ Spiders

Thoroughly spray webs both inside and outside buildings. For funnel-web and trap-door spiders thoroughly spray area where nests are known to occur and pour some of the liquid into any holes which can be found.

CHLORDANE FOR GARDEN PESTS

★ Lawns

Chlordane gives excellent results against black beetles, white grub grubs, grass grubs, mole crickets, ants and other pests of lawns, golf and bowling greens. 2 fl. ozs. of Chek-Pest or Octa-Klor is sufficient to treat 1,000 sq. ft. of surface. Place 2 ozs. of Chek-Pest in a pint bottle or measure. Then fill up with water, shake or stir thoroughly. Take 2 fl. ozs. of this mixture and mix with 4 to 6 gallons of water and then apply this volume of liquid to each 1,000 sq. ft. of lawn surface, using a watering can with a fine rose. The quantity of water used in applying chlordane is not important provided there is sufficient to give effective coverage and there is no run off from the surface. The important thing is to ensure that each 1,000 sq. ft. receives 2 fl. ozs. of either Chek-Pest or Octa-Klor.

★ Vegetable and Flower Pests

Various types of insects attacking vegetables and flowers can readily be controlled by spraying with a 0.25% chlordane spray. To obtain this concentration mix 2 fl. ozs. of Chek-Pest with 4 gallons of water.

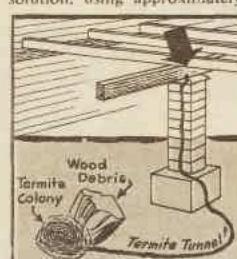
CHLORDANE FOR TERMITES

Chlordane is widely used throughout the world for the control and prevention of damage caused by termites or white ants. A 0.25% emulsion is used for treating both the runways and the soil around foundation areas. 1 pint of Chek-Pest or Octa-Klor makes 40 gallons of 0.25% treatment liquid.

Loosen the soil well and trench 6" deep around foundation areas, piers, fireplace bases, floor fillings, etc., and then drench with the Octa-Klor water mixture at the rate of 1 gallon per linear foot.

Thorough treatment of soil around all foundation areas provides a barrier of chlordane-impregnated soil through which termites cannot pass without being killed. Where infestation is already present, all "runs" should be broken open near ground level and then filled with the chlordane-water mixture.

Where white ants or termites are causing trouble in gardens they may readily be controlled by soil treatment with 0.25% chlordane. Where fruit trees and ornamental shrubs are being attacked, the surrounding soil should be dug as deeply as possible and then thoroughly drenched with the chlordane solution, using approximately 1 gallon of the liquid to each sq. ft. of surface area. If the trees contain dead wood, which has been killed as a result of white ant activity, holes should be bored in the dead portion of the trunk and limbs and chlordane solution poured into these holes until they are filled.



CHLORDANE FOR PESTS ON LIVESTOCK AND DOMESTIC ANIMALS

In a recent text book on Insects Affecting Livestock, written by Dr. F. H. S. Roberts, Officer-in-Charge of the C.S.I.R.O. Veterinary Parasitology Laboratory at Yeerongpilly, Queensland, chlordane is recommended for the control of the following pests:

★ Lice on Cattle and Horses

Spray animals with 0.5% chlordane (4 fl. ozs. of Chek-Pest or Octa-Klor in 4 gallons of water) using 2 to 3 gallons of liquid on each animal.

★ Lice on Dogs and Pigs

Spray with 0.25% chlordane (4 fl. ozs. of Chek-Pest or Octa-Klor in 8 gallons of water).

★ Ticks, Fleas, Sarcoptic and Dermodectic Mange on Dogs, Cattle, Pigs and Horses

Spray with 0.25% chlordane (4 fl. ozs. of Chek-Pest or Octa-Klor in 8 gallons of water).

When spraying cattle use about 1 gallon of liquid for each beast.

★ Red Mite and Poultry Tick

Spray poultry house with 0.25% chlordane (4 fl. ozs. of Chek-Pest or Octa-Klor in 8 gallons of water).

★ Bed Bugs attacking Poultry and Pigs as well as Fleas and Cockroaches Infesting Poultry Houses and Runs

Can all be controlled by spraying with 2% chlordane (4 fl. ozs. of Chek-Pest or Octa-Klor in 1 gallon of water).

★ Lice on Poultry

A 2.5% chlordane dust is very effective and should be dusted on to birds or applied in pinches to base of feathers in region of head, neck, breast, back, vent, tail, thighs and wings. Perches should also be sprayed with 0.5% chlordane (4 fl. ozs. of Chek-Pest or Octa-Klor in 1 gallon of water).

CHEK-PEST AND OCTA-KLOR PACKS AND PRICES

2-oz. bottle CHEK-PEST (Vic. only) 4/-

Makes ½ gallon 2% spray.

Makes 2 gallons 0.5% spray.

Makes 4 gallons 0.25% spray.

4-oz. bottle CHEK-PEST 7/6

Makes 1 gallon 2% spray.

Makes 4 gallons 0.5% spray.

Makes 8 gallons 0.25% spray.

1-pint bottle OCTA-KLOR 35/-

Makes 5 gallons 2% spray.

Makes 20 gallons 0.5% spray.

Makes 40 gallons 0.25% spray.

1-gallon tin OCTA-KLOR £9/15/-

Makes 40 gallons 2% spray.

Makes 160 gallons 0.5% spray.

Makes 320 gallons 0.25% spray.

4-gallon drums OCTA-KLOR £35/-

Makes 160 gallons 2% spray.

Makes 640 gallons 0.5% spray.

Makes 1,280 gallons 0.25% spray.

CHLORDANE DUST

Both 2% and 5% chlordane dusts are also available as follows:

2% Dust 5% Dust

7-lb. bag 10/6 14/-

28-lb. bag 39/8 52/6

56-lb. bag 74/8 105/4

Prices vary slightly in N.S.W.

Buy from your local store or chemist. If unavailable, order direct. All prices are f.o.b. or f.a.s., capital cities.

Sole Distributors:

NEW SOUTH WALES: Houghton & Byrne Pty. Ltd., 225 George Street and 2 Bridge Street, Sydney.

VICTORIA: Houghton & Byrne (Vic.) Pty. Ltd., 268 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

QUEENSLAND: Houghton & Byrne (Q.) Pty. Ltd., T. & G. Bldg., Queen Street, Brisbane.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Houghton & Byrne (S.A.) Ltd., 181 Angas Street, Adelaide.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Mr. W. G. Waldie, 489 Murray Street, Perth.

DESIGNED BY WOMEN

SHOWN here are some recent furnishings designed by two women and now being displayed in the contemporary shop of a leading Sydney store.

The women, Joyce Brown and Lois Dawson, of Sydney, have achieved a reputation for skill in contemporary furniture design and for originality in room decoration.

RIGHT: Living-room and dining-room divided by a patio and indoor garden. The living-room has a silver-grey carpet, one wall in cinnamon, one in white, and one curtained in white. Chairs are in coral and cocoa tones.



ABOVE: Wrought-iron settee and chair for living-room or sheltered patio service.
BELOW: Desk and drawer units, divan, and contour chair designed for a boy's room.



ABOVE: Kitchen has blue walls, with one papered in a washable chicken-and-fruit patterned paper. All furniture is white with blue handles. The china is pale pink with chalk-white handles.

LEFT: Divan in lime-green tweed features the American "floating back" effect. Back is held by slim wrought-iron supports.



Homemakers' Contest

A simple conversion — a very old coat-and-hat stand made into a standard lamp — is this week's prize-winning entry in our contest Something New from Something Old.

MRS. J. LYALL, 16 Tupper Street, Marrickville, N.S.W., wins the weekly cash prize of £3/3/- for this entry:

"I had an old cedar coat-and-hat stand which had been stored away for years and which was not likely to be ever used.

"I wanted a new standard lamp, and the stand was ideal. It was a good height, well balanced, and quite light in weight.

"The alterations to turn it into a standard lamp were extremely simple. The top han-

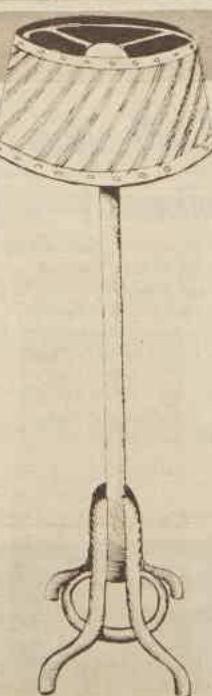
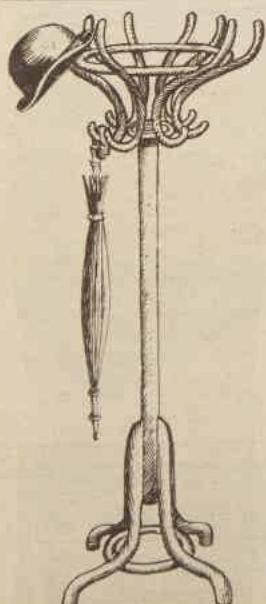
ing section, which was screwed to the stand, was removed and replaced by the electrical fitting.

"This and the frame for the shade were the only items I had to buy for the conversion. "Even the top section of the stand was put back into service. Upended and topped with a brass tray which I had, it made quite a useful little table."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- is paid to the reader who sends in details of the most interesting and useful article that has been made from something old.

Address your entry for the contest to The Editor, Home-maker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

OLD-STYLE coat-and-hat rack which was used to make the more useful standard lamp shown at right.



STOP THAT COUGH!



WALCO

HERE'S INSTANT RELIEF FROM SORE THROAT, COLDS, 'FLU!'

Persistent coughing places a strain on heart and lungs and reduces your resistance to serious infections of the chest and bronchial tubes. Stop coughing NOW! Step into the nearest chemist for a packet of Larynoids. They quickly soothe the sensitive throat nerve endings aggravated by coughing, as the healing antiseptic medicaments penetrate deep into the bronchial tubes, relieving rawness and loosening hard mucus to prevent further coughing fits. Give Larynoids to children, too, to protect them against infection or to stop night coughing... so that everyone may sleep in peace.

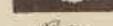
WHERE LARYNOIDS ACT

1. THROAT: A cold results from millions of infective germs multiplying in your throat. Larynoids kill their activity and prevent them spreading to the—

2. PHARYNX: This area, when infected by disease-spreading germs, becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids' soothing influence penetrates to prevent infection spreading to your—

3. LARYNX: This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread to your—

4. BRONCHIAL TUBES: Here is the home of bronchitis and other such stubborn infections. Neglect to take Larynoids in time may affect your health.



EVERYTHING WALCO MAKES IS GOOD

SOLD ONLY THROUGH CHEMISTS



who thoroughly recommend Larynoids as a safe, effective prescription for relief of infections of the throat, nose and chest. Larynoids in the New Pack and with the new pleasing flavour.

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WL4

Kwikmix

Emmco

**SAVES YOU TIME
WORK AND MONEY!**

A KWIKMIX was timed by a leading home economist in the preparation of the food illustrated. The KWIKMIX . . .

MIXED

all the ingredients of the butter cake, including filling and icing, in 2½ minutes.

LIQUEFIED

the tomato for the tomato juice in 2 seconds.

GRATED

the cheese and bread-crumbs each in 2 seconds.

CHOPPED

the parsley and carrot each in 2 seconds.

GROUND

the coffee beans for the coffee in 2 seconds.

MINCED

the meat, carrots, onions, etc., for the minced meat pie in 1½ seconds.



£23' 10'0 OR ON EXTREMELY EASY TERMS.

Whirl thru' your daily food preparation with this wizard of the kitchen! Let KWIKMIX take over all your tedious mincing, mashing, mixing, grating, grinding, blending! KWIKMIX saves your hands and your time—mixes electrically in seconds what used to take minutes. KWIKMIX gives food new taste and texture, opens up a wonderful new world of food enjoyment—adds limitless variety to your menus. And its world-famous 2-speed Westinghouse motor, powering those scientifically shaped scimitar blades makes light of the heaviest mix! Only KWIKMIX has the exclusive "clear view" glass bowl marked in handy cup measures.

Big, exciting Recipe Book FREE with your Kwikmix!



Lavish 65-page recipe book shows how to chop hours off your food preparation time. It's crammed with scrumptious new ideas for everyday dishes, sauces, soups, tinkling drinks . . . with special sections for baby foods, health drinks; invalid foods as a big feature!

Manufactured by a unit of EMAIL Limited.

See these
Westinghouse
Home Appliances
at Leading Stores



RANGES



REFRIGERATORS

WASHING
MACHINES



FOOD
MIXERS

MENU-MASTERS



FANS
COOK-N-FRYERS

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LOOK! 2 MIXING
SPEEDS!



them as they went hand in hand across the lawn.

"Mummy, Prissie is teaching us a new game," Nicky shouted.

So he was being friendly with Prissie, Brigit thought. That was a good thing, because Nicky could be difficult. There had been a baby-sitter with whom he had behaved very badly. It would have been a pity if he had behaved badly with Prissie, because one could see at once that she was going to be an absolute treasure.

"Well?" said Fergus in the hall. He knew she wanted to tell him something. His thick, fair eyebrows were raised, his eyes quizzical.

Brigit said breathlessly, "Darling, we're going to have another baby," and then went into his arms and cried.

His hands stroked her hair. "Buddy, that's wonderful, but why the tears?"

"Be-because it's my b-birth-day and I'm only t-twenty-eight. By the time I'm sixty—I won't be able to b-beat it—I get happier every year—"

"So do I," said Fergus simply, and kissed her, not lightly in deference to the people watching, but deeply and completely. There was sunlight in the hall and a smell of potpourri. A massed bowl of dahlias that she had grown herself stood on the table beside her. The house was beautiful, and her own, and she was so happy it was true that she could scarcely bear it.

A slight sound made her stir in Fergus' arms. She turned her head and saw Prissie in the doorway, hesitating as if she had just come—or as if she had watched for long enough.

Had she been watching? And should one mind?

Without giving herself time to ponder, Brigit moved decisively out of Fergus' arms.

"Prissie! Do come in! I'm being an awfully bad hostess. You'd think Fergus and I had been separated for years. We're always crazy like this, I'm afraid."

Prissie's lashes hid her eyes.

"I'm sorry. I just wondered if I could help with anything."

"You can, but not until

Continuing . . . Darling Clementine

from page 55

you've had tea. Come and I'll show you your room. We'll have a talk later on."

Suddenly, because she had a sensitive impression that Prissie felt shut out and lonely, and because she was always kind she went on impulsively, "We are being a little extra foolish today because I've just been telling my husband that we're going to have another baby. I hope that that won't frighten you away."

Fergus grinned broadly at the girl in the doorway.

"Of course it won't frighten her away. She likes babies, otherwise she wouldn't be here. Isn't that so, Prissie?"

The girl lifted her heavy lashes and looked straight at them. Her gaze was wide and full of that attractive eagerness.

"It seems like fate I came, doesn't it?"

Later Fergus told Brigit the story of how he had come to bring Prissie home. She had been flying with him for a month, he said, but he had not realised before yesterday the strain each trip was on her. They had encountered storms half an hour out of Rome, and just before circling to land the plane had been struck by lightning. There had been no damage done, but everyone had got a fright and one or two of the passengers had been panicky.

Prissie had done her job efficiently, and it was not until they had landed and everyone had disembarked that she had collapsed. Fergus had found her white and trembling and virtually unable to leave the plane unassisted.

She had been very ashamed of herself and confessed that she had never been able to get over her tendency to be both air-sick and scared to death. She was afraid she would lose her job if anyone found out. Anyway, she didn't care much. She had stuck to the job because the aunt who had brought her up was so proud of her and liked to boast about her

and show her off when she came home in uniform, but what she really wanted was a quiet place in the country, perhaps looking after children. She adored children, and looking after air-sick adults didn't really compensate.

She had made a face, wrinkling her absurd nose, and in that moment Fergus had known that she belonged to them. She was Nicky's and Sarah's and Brigit's and the new baby's—only he hadn't known about the new baby then . . .

"And yours?" Brigit asked, smiling teasingly.

"And mine," Fergus agreed. "She's a cute little thing, and she's going to be invaluable in assisting with the Gaye dynasty."

"Anyone who assists with that," said Brigit, "will be welcome in this house. But seriously, she is sweet. Even Aunt Annabel thinks so. Just think, a thunderstorm and out of it a soft little thing like Prissie. It must really be fate."

BEFORE Prissie unpacked the single bag she had brought she took out a writing pad and began quickly to write a letter.

"I got the job, so I won't be home for a few days. If I stay here it means I'll be stuck in the country, but I'll arrange about weekends. They like me, so I'll soon be able to ask favors. The house isn't my idea of comfort, those low doorways where you're always cracking your head and stairs like corkscrews. The family's town house is the one I want to see. Later, perhaps. Or not perhaps. You know me. But her family! They're shockers. Not her herself, she's like any other girl, as you would expect. Crazy about her husband, but you can hardly blame her considering what he looks like. By the way, don't write to me here. I'll let you know in a few days whether I intend to stay or not—"

Someone was coming up the stairs. Prissie hastily slipped the letter inside her writing pad and closed it.

When Brigit came in to the room she was taking clothes out of her suitcase and shaking them out. She turned with her glowing smile and said, "Did you want me for something, madame?"

"Because my husband and I can't afford luxuries like that."

"But your family—"

Brigit eyed her coolly.

"What do you know about my family?"

"Oh, everyone's heard of the Templars."

"Yes. Unfortunately."

Brigit looked at the girl again and decided that she had spoken innocently. She changed the subject.

"What will your aunt say about your changing jobs like this?"

Prissie's eyes flickered slightly.

"She'll be disappointed, but she'll get over it. She was worried about me losing weight, anyway."

"Where does your aunt live?"

"In Putney."

"Then you'd like weekends off now and then to go and see her."

Prissie looked up eagerly. "Oh, Mrs. Gaye, that would be wonderful!"

Brigit looked again at the small attractive person sitting on the floor in that attitude of grace. Everything Prissie did would be graceful. She was small-boned and supple. Her head was poised exquisitely on a delicate little neck. Her hands were thin-fingered and almost miniature size. Her face, without animation, would be plain, but one couldn't imagine it unanimated. It was so mobile and alive.

She could make anyone do anything, Brigit thought slowly. Just as she had made Fergus bring her here. But why had she done that? Why choose them? Had it been because Fergus happened to be on the spot, or had the other motives? Why did she have this sudden desire to be a mother's help? It must be her condition, she told herself, shaking herself out of her momentarily fey mood.

"Have you given notice?"

"Yes, I did when I got back today. I was due for leave, anyway, so I just said I wouldn't be back." She sat on the floor in front of Brigit and sighed. "Oh, if you knew how happy I feel!"

Brigit smiled involuntarily.

"Do you like your room?"

"It's heaven. These lovely chintzes. And silk sheets, really

silk. I looked," she said naively.

"Oh, those were a wedding present. When they're worn out there won't be any more."

"Why not?" Prissie asked, fingering the monogram on the corner of the sheet.

"Because my husband and I can't afford luxuries like that."

"But your family—"

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"What will your aunt say about your changing jobs like this?"

Prissie's eyes fixed on Brigit gave her the most extraordinary feeling that she was hearing her own story, that she had been that thin energetic child, pushing perambulators, waiting on tables, plumping her childish arms into sinks full of dirty dishes. Not having time for any youthful fun . . . The girl should have been an actress.

"And you did learn things?" she asked.

Prissie's quick grin that gave her face its elfin quality flashed out.

"Oh, yes. I learned things. Even Aunt Maud had to admit that." She began to finger a slender gold chain and locket round her neck. "When I got the job with the airline Aunt Maud was as proud as a peacock. She thought the whole thing was due to her. Poor old darling, after all, she had given me a home and fed me and been terribly kind. I was glad she was proud of me."

Brigit felt her eyes stinging with sudden tears. It was she who had pleased an old lady by making good . . . What an extraordinary way this girl

All men must find her attractive.

"Tell me about yourself, Prissie," she said.

Prissie looked up with her appealing, wide-eyed candor.

"There isn't much to tell. I'm an orphan. I never knew my father, and my mother died when I was very small. Aunt Maud brought me up. She did her best for me, but she only had the money she earned as a nurse. Ever since I was a kid I had to earn enough to pay for my education. Aunt Maud wouldn't have worried about it, but I was crazy to get a good education. I used to go hop-picking in the holidays and mind babies after school, and when I was a bit older I got holiday jobs in guest houses, washing dishes and waiting on tables. Aunt Maud thought I was mad. She wanted me to get a nice, respectable job in a shop, selling buttons or trimming hats or something, when I was fourteen, but I wouldn't. I had to learn things."

The glowing eyes fixed on

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had of projecting her personality on to one.

"Of course I had to be decently educated," Prissie went on, speaking half to herself. "I owed it to my parents." Then she sprang up in a nervous way as if afraid she had been talking too much.

"Please," she said, "show me the children's things and what I am to do for them."

"You must call me Brigit," Brigit said, almost as if compelled to do so. "You're not here as a servant. We'll be friends. After all, I'm an orphan, too, although I can remember my parents."

She thought fleetingly of her mother, and the hard, unhappy reflection that perhaps Prissie was lucky not to have any memories of her mother passed through her mind.

"You're so sweet to me," Prissie was whispering.

Her eyes were bright, as if with tears, and Brigit, moved by the girl's emotion, said lightly, "Not at all. You're my birthday present, remember? Come and I'll show you the nursery. By the way, you seem to have got round Nicky. He can be rather difficult at times."

"He's not sure yet," said Prissie. "Why is he so nervous?"

"I don't know. He always has been." (Had it been her pre-natal fears that had made Nicky such a nervous and sensitive baby? Sarah, about whom she had worried much less, was so much more placid.)

"But, Prissie, tell me," she said abruptly, "when you made such efforts to get a good education, why should you be content to do a job that any girl can do?"

"Because I've found it's what I wanted after all." Prissie gave her eager smile. "Silly of me, isn't it. Probably I'm crazy about children because

Continuing . . .

Darling Clementine

from page 63

I was such a lonely child myself.

"I was, too," Brigit said involuntarily.

The two stood regarding each other. Then Prissie said softly, almost significantly, "Well, there we are."

In their bedroom that night Fergus said, "Well, how do you like Prissie now you're better acquainted?"

Brigit said enthusiastically, "She's the most extraordinary person. I believe, if she wanted to, she could twist anyone round her little finger. Even Uncle Saunders was impressed. She looks such a child, but she isn't, really. She must be almost as old as I am. It seems strange that someone so attractive hasn't married. But I think she's been very mixed up and she feels as if she's had to fight the whole world. She'll be wonderful company for me and the children. Sarah, of course, adores her already. Sarah takes everyone on trust, just like you do. Nicky is more like me."

"Don't you take my birthday present to you on trust? Don't you think it was one of my happier inspirations? Or would you rather have had the diamond earrings?"

Brigit found herself hesitating. She was going to say something incoherent about the peculiar effect Prissie had on her. Then she saw Fergus' happy confident look and could not bear to spoil his pleasure in his unique gift.

"She's sweet," she said warmly. But she didn't want to talk any more about Prissie. The day, since five o'clock, had become Prissie's, and it was hers, because it was her birthday. She was not a thin orphan child compelled to fight her way through the world, as Prissie had seemed to will her

to believe, but Brigit Gaye, with two handsome children and a very handsome husband. It was silly to have to remind herself of that.

But she was remembering, all at once, how Nicky had fought back embarrassed tears as Prissie had bathed him. Nicky was shy and sensitive,

gan talking nonsense into her ear, in a whisper, as he did only when he was completely happy.

But when the light was out the enchantment, as frail as a ghost, dependent on a mood, an atmosphere, left her. The moonlight was the color of daggers, a shadow hung menacingly.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"Was your mother a dancer?" Nicky inquired, with his precocious intelligence.

Prissie hesitated. She said, "Yes," then "No," with curious defiance. After that again she said, "Well, yes, I expect so. No one told me," and before Nicky could cross-examine her further Sarah began to revolve slowly, imitating Prissie, her plump little body suddenly all unexpected grace.

"Me dance," she said in her high eager voice.

Brigit decided it was time to indicate her presence.

"I think we must have Sarah given lessons in ballet when she's a little older," she said briskly. "She's got a surprising aptitude. Prissie, what is this extraordinary story you've been telling the children?"

"Prissie's a princess," Nicky said. "She's got it in her locket."

Prissie's fingers closed over her locket. Her eyes were innocent and sparkling, but her fingers seemed to be guarding a secret.

"Oh, I was romancing a little. Not—not altogether. But there isn't any proof, you see, and, anyway, where would proof get one?"

"That depends what the proof is about," Brigit said practically.

"It isn't anything, really. Just a family legend. I always thought it was fun to believe it."

Brigit could understand that. The lonely, imaginative child whose aunt wanted her to sell haberdashery must, of course, have taken refuge in dreams. To imagine oneself the granddaughter of a prince and a ballet dancer was perhaps satisfying enough. Prissie was not ordinary. It could even have been true. Anyway, it fascinated Nicky, who was almost,

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"I don't know if they're going to call it a boy or a girl."

Fergus had said he would have to be broken of it. Fergus was right, of course.

But Brigit was chilly, all at once. Inexplicably she was shivering. She laughed. "Someone walking over my grave. It's cold. Let's go to bed."

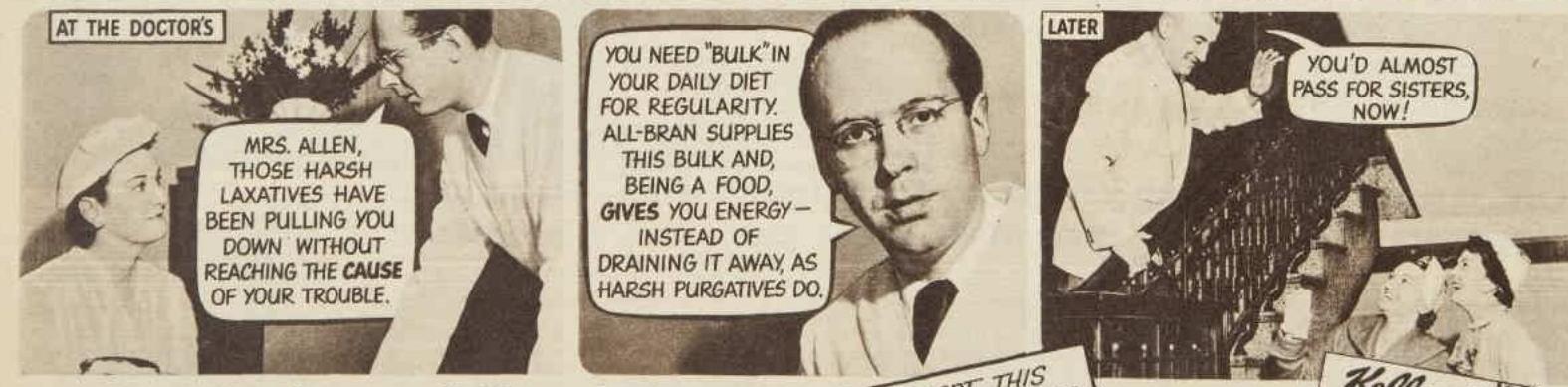
She knew the familiar enchantment would come back on her as soon as she lay in Fergus' arms. So it did, for a little while. His arms were so warm and loving, and he be-

Fergus, much too perceptive about her moods, was instantly aware of her distress.

But was it distress, this cool thing that invaded her?

"Nothing," she said, burying her face in his shoulder. "Nothing at all."

For how could she tell him that it seemed, for a moment, as if Prissie had stood at the foot of the bed watching them. Prissie, whose gallant lonely life had been a struggle



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but still not quite, capitulating to Prissie's charm.

And it amused and interested Fergus when Brigit recounted the tale to him.

"You're all having your legs pulled," he said. "I told you the girl was a charmer. I wonder what she has got in that locket. A picture of a boy friend, I expect."

Nicky's apparent capitulation took place the second night of Prissie's stay. He had one of the nightmares to which he was frequently subject. Brigit heard his sudden cry and knew in the silence that followed that he was hiding his head beneath the blankets, rigid, trying to overcome his fears.

She always went to him, though lately Fergus had begun to protest, saying that Nicky was getting too big to be babied. He wasn't meaning to be unkind, Brigit knew, but because she suspected he disliked Nicky's nervousness more than he admitted (Did he think Nicky took after Guy, with his neurotic tendencies?), she usually tried to go to the child without waking Fergus.

Her elaborate caution not to make a noise on this occasion caused her to be a little slow, and when she reached Nicky's room the light was on and he was not alone. Prissie was in the bed with him, and had her arms folded tightly round him. His tousled fair head was on her breast, but somehow she did not look maternal. Rather she looked like another child herself, in her white nightdress with a blue ribbon drawn primly round the neck, and her dark hair hanging long and straight on either side of her face.

They looked like a couple of babes in the wood, Brigit thought, with curious wryness. There were even tears on Prissie's cheeks to keep company with Nicky's.

"He had a nightmare," she explained huskily to Brigit.

"Yes, I heard him. He often has one."

Nicky, hearing his mother's voice, struggled eagerly away from Prissie.

"Mummy," he cried, holding out his arms in a baby fashion that Fergus would have deplored. After all, he was not yet six years old, still young enough to be a little of a baby in the dark. But Brigit, in fairness to Fergus' injunctions, refrained from putting her arms round him.

She patted him on the head. "It's all right now, isn't it, old man?"

"Yes. They went when Prissie came."

"What went, dearest?"

"The things. Like black paper. Fluttering." Suddenly, because his mother was not responding to his demand for reassurance, he hid his head in Prissie's breast again, holding her tightly.

So he was capitulating to Prissie at last, Brigit reflected. That was a very good thing. Nicky was impossible to manage unless he trusted one. All the same, Prissie must be told not to pamper him. And really she looked so much a child herself, it was absurd.

"I cried, too," she said simply. "It just seemed so awful, the dark night and being all alone and afraid."

"We're not afraid now," said Nicky in drowsy content.

"Thank you for going to him," Brigit said. She was angry with herself for her voice being a little stiff. Yet she couldn't help going on, "My husband says Nicky must get over these things."

Nicky stirred, with returning apprehension.

"He's only a baby," Prissie murmured, and Brigit saw Nicky relax again.

"Well, make him lie down and get back to your own bed," she said crisply. "If he cries again I'll go to him."

Nicky didn't cry again. If he had she was fairly certain that Prissie would have disobeyed her and gone to him. If she could shed tears in sympathy with a child she would not be able to lie in her own bed and listen to him cry. It was wonderful that she was so tender-hearted. It meant that one could leave the children with her any time and know that they would be most carefully looked after. The funny little thing really was a treasure.

She did not see Prissie early the next morning completing the letter begun two days ago.

"Sorry I haven't finished this before, but I wanted to be sure about what I was doing before I wrote. I've definitely decided to stay. She and the kids like me, the boy wasn't so sure at first, but he's all right now and everything's fine. The kids are cute. Don't be cross with me about this. It's something I have to do just the way I had to get an education when I was a kid. Something I couldn't see driving me, although now, of course, we know why. You might say it's fate.

"I'll be up as often as I can and I'll send things. You'll manage, I know. It might not be for long. Or it might be

something I've started and can't stop. No, I don't mean that, or if I do you're in it with me.

"You should see the children's clothes and things. She says they've only got his salary, but there's plenty comes from the family. I've got to stay, see?"

But that was all a month ago, another age, another world. Where had those lovely days of early autumn, those happy hopeful days gone? Had they ever really existed? Brigit wondered.

Sometimes she thought now that the beginning of reality had been that morning when she had had the accident. The interval of six years with Fergus before that had been a happy dream. She was a Templar with a heritage of bloodshed and cruelty. What right had she to be happy? The accident had been a reminder that she could not escape her inheritance. She had had a six-year reprieve, that was all.

It had all happened in the most unnecessary way. Aunt Annabel had been staying for the weekend, and Uncle Saunders had driven down with Guy to take her back to London. Unexpectedly they had decided to stay to lunch, and Brigit had got fussed because there was not enough food in the house.

Prissie had offered to take the children for a walk into the village to shop, and while they were gone Uncle Saunders had begun one of his loud and inquisitive questionnaires as to how she and Fergus spent their time and money. He was in one of his pin-pricking moods, and Brigit, who was having one of her rare mornings when the baby was making her feel sick, had little patience with him. Also Fergus was due home shortly, after a week's absence, and she had been planning to have him alone, not with the Templar family, which he hated anyway, around his neck.

When Uncle Saunders transferred his cross-examination to Aunt Annabel, and when Aunt Annabel, who had been nervous and jumpy lately, suddenly burst into tears, Brigit found herself turning on him indignantly.

"You're nothing but a bully," she said. "Surely it doesn't matter how much Aunt Annabel's new club is costing her. You can afford it. She doesn't spend much these days, goodness knows."

She gave a significant glance towards Aunt Annabel's shabby appearance, and Uncle Saunders said in his booming voice,

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I won't have my house filled with all the lame and diseased cats in the neighborhood, that's all. So long as she's this friend to the friendless thing she'll have the place overrun with animals."

"It doesn't cost me anything," Aunt Annabel sniffed. "Actually I get money. I collect subscriptions."

Uncle Saunders gave his loud derisive laugh. "Keep it then, why don't you? What a golden opportunity. None of your loony friends will expect to know what's happened to their money. Or better still," he leaned forward eagerly, his pale blue eyes protruding, "give it to me to invest. I'll show you a handsome profit."

"Saunders!" Aunt Annabel protested.

"Well, where does being honest get you? If old Phillip had been honest where would the Templar family have been today? You wouldn't have been living in a West End house, you can stake your life on that. Of course, one has to dispense with bloodshed nowadays. Only a little mild foolery like embezzlement or misappropriation of funds," he finished waggishly.

"Saunders, you're joking."

"My dear, I never joke."

"No, all Uncle Saunders' games are serious," said Guy in his drawing, disillusioned voice. "After all, Aunt Annabel, if you don't find the house-keeping money, that's so much more to buy shares with. So it's not really a game, is it?"

Uncle Saunders roared with laughter.

"That's it, boy. You have the right approach. The Templar approach, eh? And there's that girl of Fergus' coming. She's too small for my taste. What about you, Guy?"

Prissie was crossing the lawn with her shopping basket. She moved with a light step, her black hair blown back from her face. She looked very thin and slight, but full of vitality and happiness. Her red skirt billowed about her like a full-blown poppy. In the month she had been with them she hadn't put on any weight, nor had she lost her tenseness. Indeed, she had a look of inner excitement as if she were burning up inside, but that, Bright realised, was natural to her and a part of her fascination.

Frequently she stopped and hung over things in the house, stroking the polished stair railing, picking up a good piece of china, such as the Royal Worcester plate, with its small, perfect country scene, like a delicate bubble in its circle of rich crimson and gold, smoothing the silk sheets on the beds and looking all the time as if she were a child with her first Christmas tree.

It was satisfying to observe the pleasure she derived from her surroundings. In its turn it made Bright herself doubly appreciate them, and she was also satisfied now about the genuineness of Prissie's desire to leave the airline.

Guy, Bright noticed, made no answer to Uncle Saunders, but his eyes were fixed on Prissie and his face had lost a little of its sullenness. She tried to concentrate on Guy's interest in Prissie, and to think how nice it would be if Guy found happiness as she had done. In that way she could control her anger against Uncle Saunders.

"Uncle Saunders, I'd rather you didn't refer to Prissie as that girl of Fergus'."

Uncle Saunders looked at her in genuine surprise.

"Why, my dear, he brought her here, didn't he? Must have been attracted by her. Because I'm quite sure your budget doesn't run to companion help, or whatever you call these people? Does it, my dear? No matter what Fergus says about diamond earrings being the alternative. I shouldn't be surprised if the earrings were

Continuing . . .

necessary, eventually." His prominent eyes were unbecomingly wagging, his full lips smiling suggestively.

"Saunders, that's abominable," protested Aunt Annabel.

"And I think a little far-fetched," suggested Guy, his eyes defiantly on his sister.

Bright had stiffened and could not relax. This time she could not tolerate her family. When Uncle Saunders, actually seeing that he had gone too far, lumbered over and patted her on the arm, saying, "Sorry, my dear. Only joking, you know. The girl is very attractive, you must admit that, if you like 'em small," she could only draw away rigidly, fighting her anger. After all, if she gave way to anger and shouted, she was no better than they were. Oh, why did her family have such a devastating effect on her?

"Come along, Biddy. Men will be men, eh?"

It was no use. She didn't

shout, but she gave way to a low controlled anger.

"Oh, I hate you with your filthy mind! But how can I expect you to have anything else. You're a Templar! I suppose I have one myself without knowing. I suppose Nicky and Sarah have one. And now, heaven forgive me, I'm bringing another Templar into the world."

Uncle Saunders' large red face, Guy's supercilious one, Aunt Annabel's kind, shapeless, bewildered one seemed to float before her in a mist. She was aware, suddenly, of Prissie, the innocent cause of the quarrel, looking in the doorway, and her face, too, pale and cool, swam like a water-lily. The uncontrollable tide of her anger swept over her.

"Oh, I hope my baby will never be born!" she cried, and rushed out of the room.

The one thought in her mind was to get to Fergus. Only his arms about her and his same voice in her ears would rid her of this loathsome feeling of decadence that her family gave her.

He would say, "Don't be silly, my sweet. You're out of sorts, that's all. Uncle Saunders is only a noisy, pompous ass, puffed up by too much money. —I expect he eats bank notes, and probably sharpens his teeth on sovereigns—and Aunt Annabel is a gentle old tabby. Guy will be all right when he marries a nice girl. Perhaps he'll marry Prissie. She would be just right for him, plenty of sense and shrewdness in that little head of hers. No one is completely evil, darling. They all have some saving grace, even the Templars."

That was what Fergus would say. Bright almost smiled to herself in a tense, overwrought way as she crossed the lawn towards the stables. But she had to hear him saying it quickly. He would be on his way home now. She would ride to meet him, so that they could come the rest of the way alone, unintruded on by either

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children, elderly relations, or companion helps.

She hadn't ridden since she had known the baby was coming, but if she took quiet old Polly and rode very gently she would be all right. They might even have lunch at the Mitre on the way.

Afterwards she could remember only the scarf on the stick poking at her suddenly from the thick hawthorn hedge, and Polly rearing sideways in fright.

The brilliant color of it fluttered before her eyes for days afterwards. It was the color of pain, she thought. She only wept when she was told that it was Fergus who had found her, and that she had been unconscious and unable to hear all the reassuring things he had been going to say to her.

So she never did hear from his own lips that Uncle

"And that nice little girl who brings them in. You're so lucky, knowing they're well looked after."

Bright did remember the children at her bedside one day, Sarah poking inquisitively into her bedside locker, Nicky holding back, white and strained, and obviously trying not to cry. And Prissie smiling gently, whispering, "There's nothing to worry about at all. The children are fine. All you have to do is get well." Prissie, with her elfin face and glowing eyes that could will you to think anything she chose. Or was that imagination, too?

And had anyone told Fergus of those last angry words she had spoken before she had left the house? She had to know that.

She remembered Fergus at her bedside. She had wanted to lift her hands and stroke his worried face. But she couldn't. Her arms were lead, her mind full of misery.

"Fergus! You know about the baby?" Her voice seemed far off and remote, as if it were not a thing of any importance.

"Yes, of course, darling. But you mustn't worry about it. There's plenty of time to have more."

"But there's not! There's not! I can't walk."

It was Fergus now, stroking her face, leaning over her with his eyes full of gentleness.

"You will soon. Don't be so impatient."

"Impatient! How long is it now?"

"Only a fortnight."

"But I can't move my legs," she cried desolately.

"Darling, you will. It's something to do with the nerves."

She clutched his hand.

"Did they tell you what I said about not wanting the baby?"

"Darling, anyone could say a thing like that under stress. And I admit Uncle Saunders does cause a state of stress if you take him seriously."

"They always were murderers," Bright muttered.

Fergus bent closer. "What did you say, sweet?"

"Murderers! My family."

Then there came his hearty outburst of laughter, and all at once the miasma of misery cleared, and she felt the tears running down her cheeks.

"Fergus, don't you mind that I killed the baby?"

"Complete nonsense, my sweet stupid!"

She clung to his hand. "Darling, I didn't mean to. It was that stick with the scarf on it poking at me." Suddenly she was saying, "Who did that?"

"No one did it. It was a

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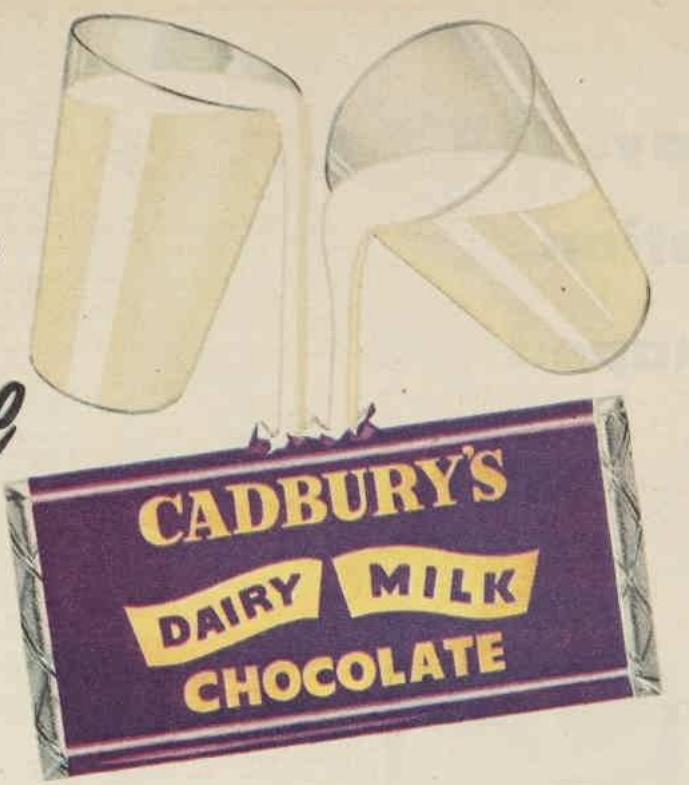
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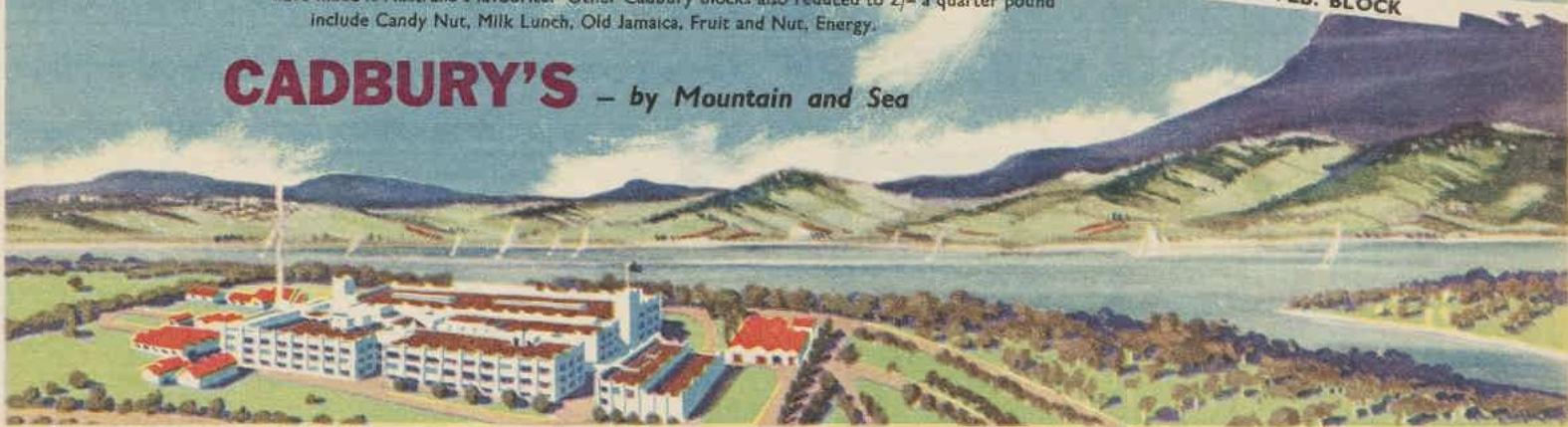
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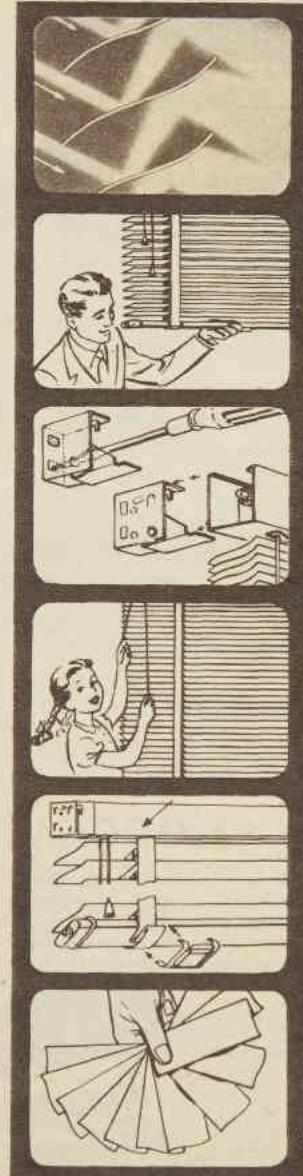
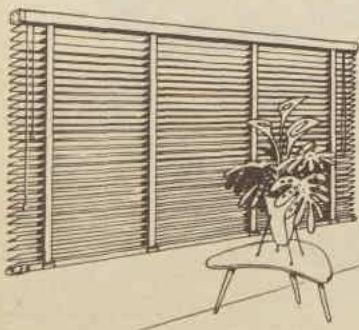
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handkerchief caught in the hawthorn hedge. We found it afterwards. We told you, don't you remember? A red and white-spotted handkerchief like tramps use. I didn't know you could still buy them."

"It waved in front of me. Suddenly it was on a stick," Bright insisted.

"Yes, darling. I suppose the wind was blowing it."

"No. Someone was waving it. I know. I have nightmares about it. Sister will tell you."

Fergus said uncomfortably, "I think you ought to rest."

"I don't want to rest! I want to know who didn't want us to have the new baby!" Her voice had risen, and the sister was approaching. She looked significantly at Fergus.

"Now, Mrs. Gaye. Time for your rest."

"But I can't rest until I find out the truth."

"Well, you'll do better about that when you've had a sleep."

Fergus was kissing her and then moving away. Bright reached towards him despairingly. Then her hand fell to the covert. Could it be that he hadn't wanted the baby either? Could it be that? Was he perhaps even glad that she had lost it?

The prick of the needle administered by the sister was merciful.

But she was not in that state verging on hysteria all the time. The day Fergus told her that she would have to go to the family's house in Montpelier Square she was quite calm and rational.

She said, "Is that what you want?"

"It's the only practical thing, darling. You'll have to stay in London for treatment, and you don't want to stay in a hospital indefinitely. Besides, to be quite honest, we can't afford it. There's the big house in Montpelier Square, and they're delighted to have you. The children and Prissie have settled in very well. Truly, it's the most sensible thing. And it won't be for long."

Bright's eyes beseeched him. He smiled with his familiar loving gentleness (but it wasn't gentleness she wanted, it was the old flashing look of equality and passion, and his mouth hard on hers. Had that gone forever?).

"The doctor says any day you'll find you can move your legs again. There isn't anything organic, as he has told you. It's purely nervous. So just rest, and no worrying or tension. Understand?"

He stroked her hair. She whispered, "Fergus?"

"Yes, darling?"

"Am I still—nice to look at?"

"Don't be an idiot, darling. Here, wait till I get a mirror."

It seemed to her that she had grown very thin and pale. She was all eyes and mouth, her eyebrows were dark half-moons against the paleness of her skin, her lips colorless.

"Oh, Fergus! My lipstick, please. Why didn't you tell me what I looked like?"

"I shall only kiss it off."

"Not with sister watching."

"Sister will give me her blessing."

It was so strange to be smiling again, to be feeling almost light-hearted. Perhaps leaving hospital was the first step towards being well. She wouldn't let herself think of how she disliked the big house in Montpelier Square. As Fergus said, to go there was the sensible thing to do. And it would not be for long. She was determined to overcome this peculiar paralysis and be well as soon as possible.

"Tell me about the children and Prissie," she said. "What

do they do all day? And isn't it a blessing we have Prissie? What on earth would we have done without her?"

She could see that Fergus was pleased with her, whether for agreeing without a fuss to go to Montpelier Square or for approving of Prissie, she didn't know which. But it didn't matter. As long as he was pleased, and no longer looking strained and worried. It had been a bad time for him, too. She had to remember that.

"Oh, Prissie's completely organised," Fergus said. "She's turned the top floor into a temporary nursery and bedrooms. The children don't worry anyone up there, though really they make much less noise than Uncle Saunders. Prissie, actually, is delighted with the move, because now she can visit her aunt in Putney. She seems very fond of her. Really, she gets on extraordinarily well with everyone. Aunt Annabel was afraid Mrs. Hatchett would be disturbed about this sort of invasion, but Prissie manages her, too. She's rather a witch in her own way."

"I know," said Bright rather briefly. Then, regretting her brevity, she said with amusement, "She must be a witch if she can manage Mrs. Hatchett. Has she still this thing about ghosts?"

Fergus laughed. "There are more cats than ghosts in the house at present. Uncle Saunders is getting extremely touchy. The whole place is rather a circus, with the accent on comedy. You'll enjoy it."

In spite of her determination to be light-hearted, the shadow of the house in Montpelier Square slipped over her. Suddenly she was reaching for Fergus' hand.

"Darling, you'll be there?"

"As much as I possibly can. Silly child. What are you worrying about? They've prepared the best bedroom for you, and your nurse is called Ellen and she's a blonde."

"My nurse?" The fear was inside her again, a living thing, choking her. "Fergus—am I so ill?"

"Well, my darling, who's going to wash you and feed you? Certainly not Aunt Annabel. She would be giving you cat's meat by mistake. And someone has to talk to you in the night when I'm away."

Bright watched him speechlessly. So he knew about her nightmares, when she awoke crying because someone was waving a red scarf on a stick at her, trying to make her have an accident. Or to kill her . . .

"Can't have Mrs. Hatchett's ghosts frightening you," he said lightly.

"Ghosts?"

"Actually I believe there's only one. A little man in a brown coat who stands at the foot of her bed and says nothing. She's rather attached to him. She's convinced that one night he will speak to her, and she can't wait for the revelation."

Bright began helplessly to chuckle. Then she realised that this was what Fergus had meant her to do, and it was all she could do to keep on laughing for him.

Oh, Fergus, if I can't ever walk again, oh, darling, what shall I do? she thought desperately.

To be continued

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 25, 1955

Fashion PATTERNS



F3646

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3646.—Bargain pattern for an easy-to-make infant's frock, lace-trimmed. Requires 1yd. 36in. material, 7½yds. 1in. lace edging, 1½yds. 1in. lace edging. Size: Infants only. Price, 2/6.

F3647.—This season's smartest suit with middy top and huge sailor collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material, 1yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price, 4/6.

F3611.—Frock with new moulded torso top and becoming full skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material, and 1yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price, 3/9.

F3650.—One-piece frock with gathered skirt and shawl collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/9.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from **Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd.**, 643 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.



F3611



F3647

F3648



F3649



F3649

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• **Needlework Notions** are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 901.—WATERLILY LUNCHEON SET.

Luncheon set traced ready to embroider in a pretty waterlily design. Sizes: Centre mat 17in. x 17½in.; plate mat 11in. x 11in.; serviettes 11in. x 11in. Material and color choice includes: Irish linen in white and cream; sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Five-piece set of one centre and four plate mats, 17.9. Seven-piece set of one centre and six plate mats, 21.6. Postage and registration, 1.6 extra. Extra plate mats, 2.6 each. Serviettes, 1.9 each. Postage, 4d. extra.

No. 902.—THROWOVER

Traced ready to embroider on Swiss Organza. Color choice includes: white, dove, lemon, pink, and green. Size: 36in. x 36in. Price, 8.11. Postage, 10d. extra.

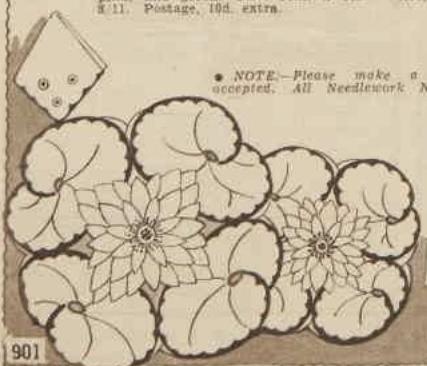
• NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.G.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

No. 903.—LITTLE GIRL'S BLOUSE

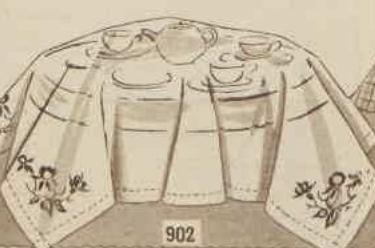
Little girl's first school blouse. Cut out ready to make with full instructions. Material and color choice includes: Haircord in white, pink, lemon, blue, green, red, brown, and navy-blue; lambtex in white, pink, and mist-blue. Price: For 5 years, in haircord, 11.3; in lambtex, 15.6; for 6 years, haircord, 12.9; lambtex, 16.1; for 7 years, haircord, 13.8; lambtex, 17.9; 8 years, haircord, 14.3; lambtex, 19.3. Postage and registration, 1.6 extra.

No. 904.—CHILD'S TARTAN PINAFORE

Pretty pinafore cut out ready to make in good quality printed black cotton tartan which launders well. Obtainable in Dress Stewart, Royal Stewart, and McLeish tartans. Length, 22in. for 3 years, 19.3; length, 23in. for 6 years, 17.8; length, 25in. for 7 years, 18.9; length, 28in. for 8 years, 19.1. Postage and registration, 1.6 extra.



901



902



903

F3648.—Skillfully cut ballerina with modified long torso look. Sizes 30in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F3649.—Lace-trimmed glamor nightie in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. lace, ½yd. 36in. net, 2½yds. 1in. lace edging, 8yds. ribbon. Price, 4/6.

F3650



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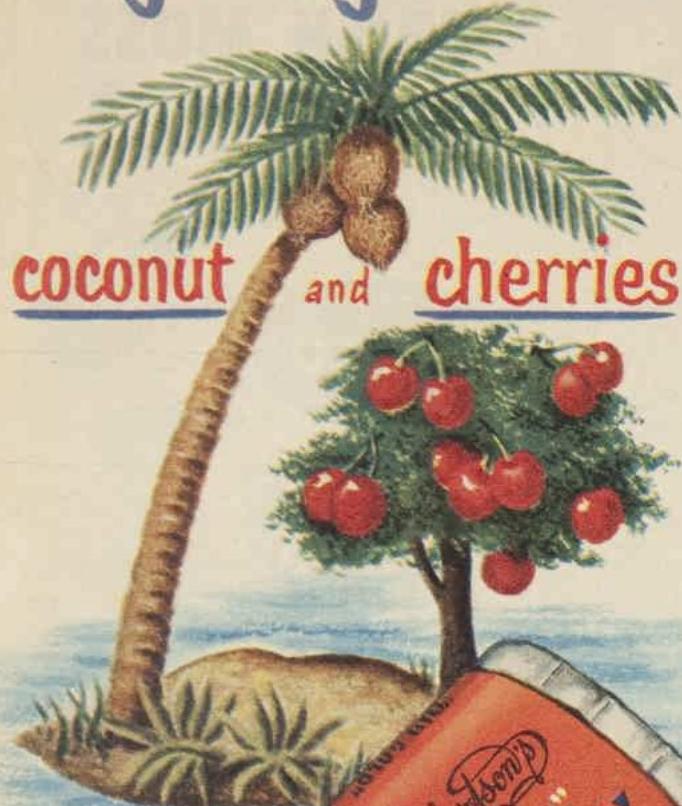
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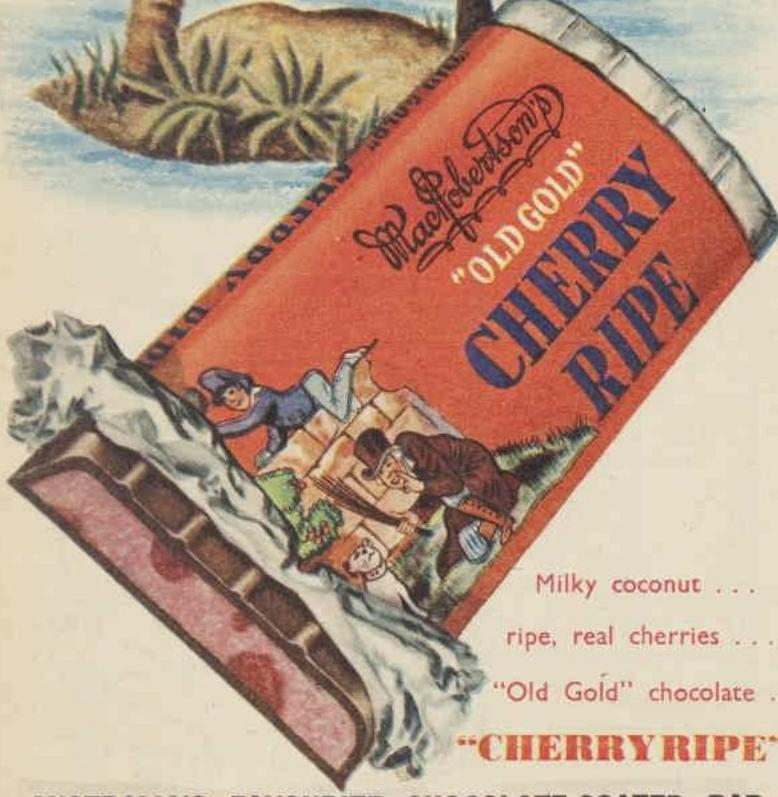
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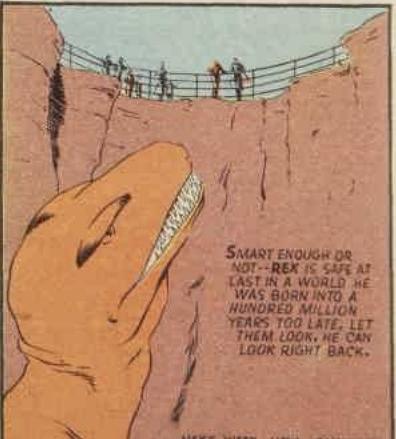
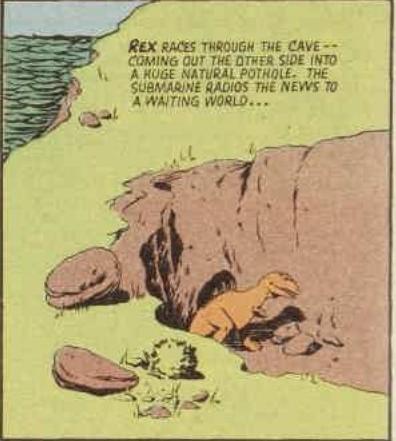


MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with

PRINCESS NARDA: Are horrified to learn that the giant dinosaur, Rex, has escaped from the zoo. When last seen

he dived from a bridge into the river many feet below. Divers search for him on the river bottom, not knowing he is out at sea. Meanwhile, a submarine's radar screen picks out Rex in a battle with a sperm whale. NOW READ ON:



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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"Leonore": Glamor trousseau set, including housecoat in good quality self-spotted satin with dainty lace trim. Color choice includes white, pale blue, and pink.

Ready To Wear: Housecoat. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £8/12 6/- 36in. bust, £8/14 6/- postage and registration, 3/- extra. Nightgown: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 9/- 6/- 36in. and 38in. bust, 9/11. postage and registration, 2 1/2 extra. Slip: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 9/- 6/- 36in. and 38in. bust, 9/11. postage and registration, 2 1/2 extra. Scantlet: Size 24in. to 32in. waist, 16/- postage and registration, 1/- extra. Bedjacket: Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, 17/- 19/- 21/- 23/- postage and registration, 1/- extra. Complete set: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £17.19/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, £18.4/8. postage and registration, 7/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Housecoat: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £7/10 4/- sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, £7/11 11/- postage and registration, 2 1/2 extra. Nightgown: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 72/- sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, 73/11. postage and registration, 2 1/2 extra. Slip: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 28/3 sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/11. postage and registration, 1 1/2 extra. Scantlet: Sizes 24in. to 32in. waist, 16/- postage and registration, 1/- extra. Bedjacket: Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, 21/- postage and registration, 1/- extra. Complete set: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £14.4/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, £14.4/11. postage and registration, 7/- extra.

* Fashion Frock are available for only six weeks from date of publication. Deliveries will be made in 14 days from receipt of order.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 69. Fashion Frock may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 845 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



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